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The Augusta Genealogical Society



Presented by:

TUBMAN ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
Augusta, Georgia

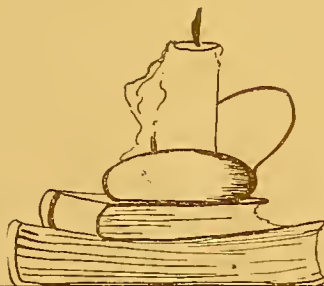
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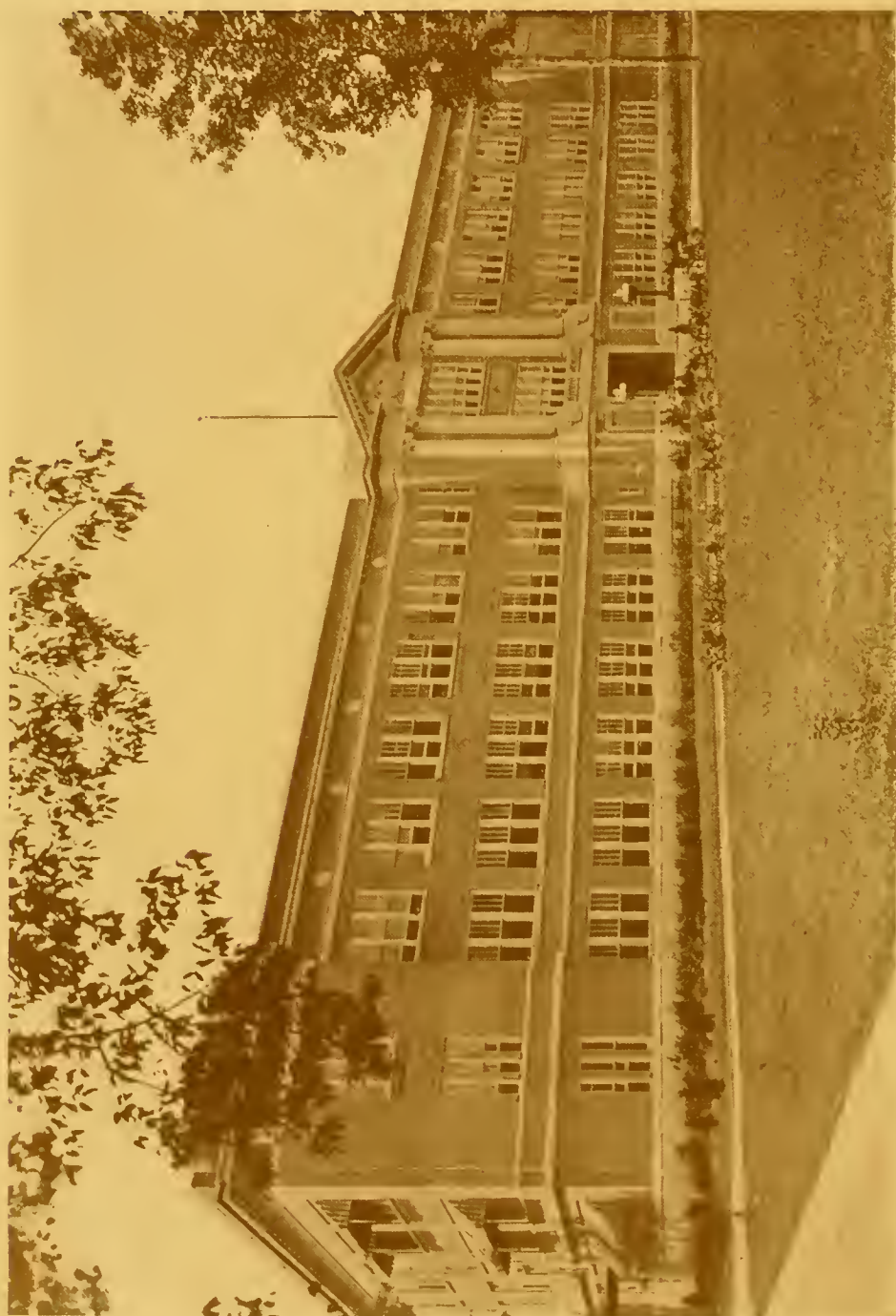
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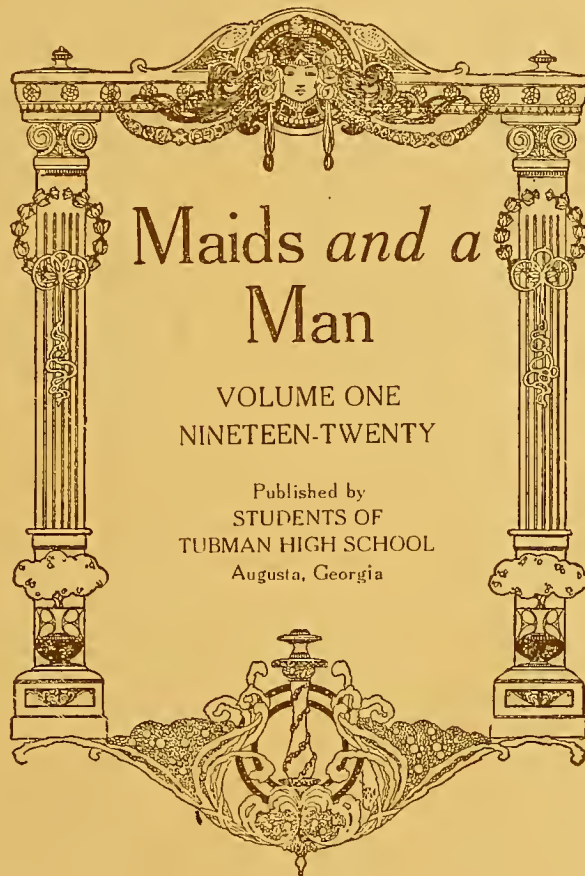
Dorothy Louise Bulk.

24



W. W. Wagon





Maids and a **Man**

VOLUME ONE
NINETEEN-TWENTY

Published by
STUDENTS OF
TUBMAN HIGH SCHOOL
Augusta, Georgia



TO
T. HARRY GARRETT

"Who has always shown to us a
fatherly interest in all we have done,
and a sympathetic understanding of all
we have endeavored to accomplish, we
dedicate this first volume of

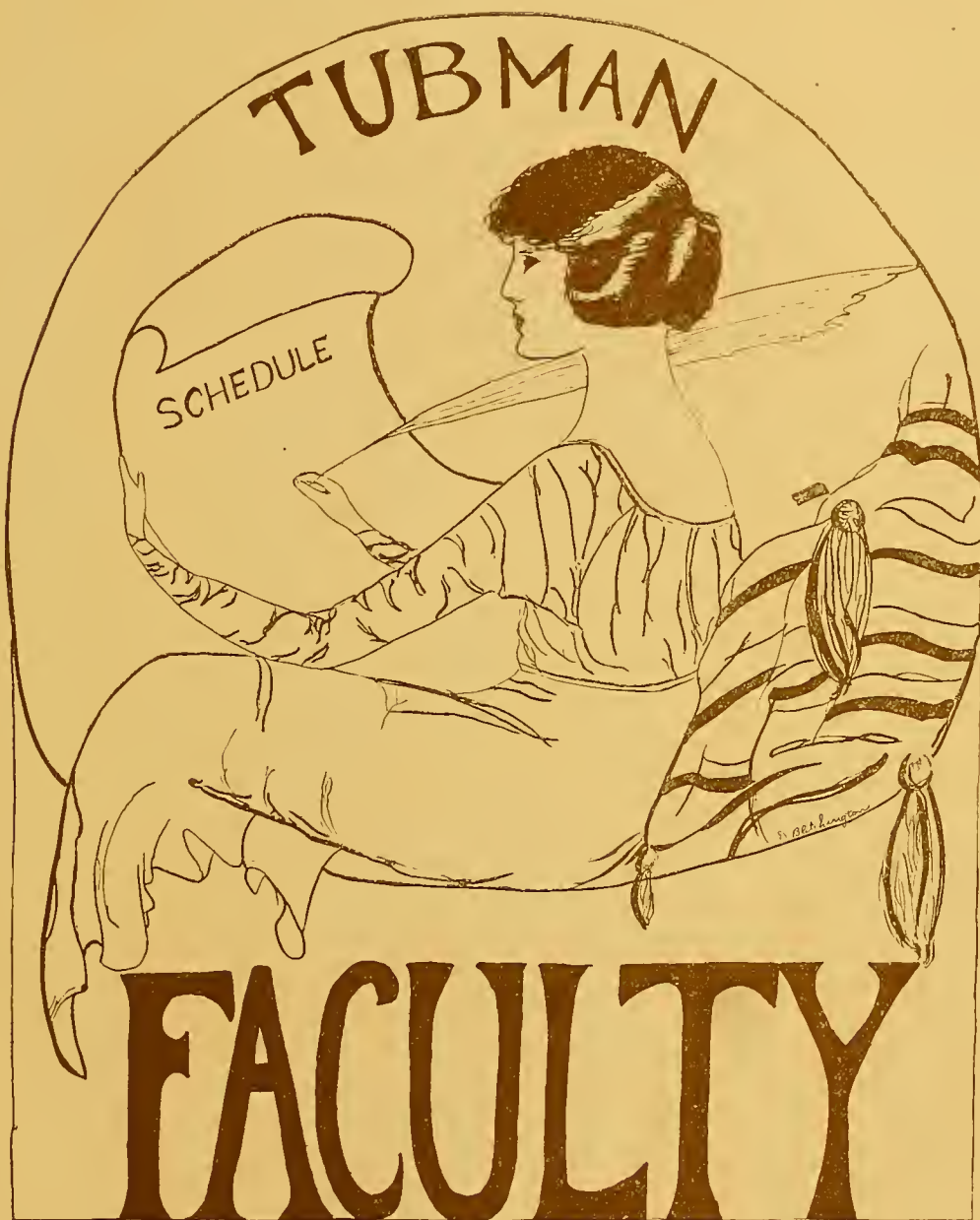
MAIDS AND A MAN

SENIOR CLASS
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND
TWENTY



EDITORIAL STAFF

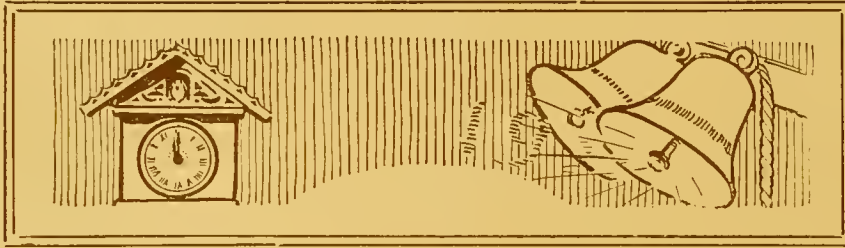
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MABEL CLAIRE SPETH	Business Manager	AUGUSTA VON SPRECKEN	Photograph Editor





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The Faculty's Vacation

(With Apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

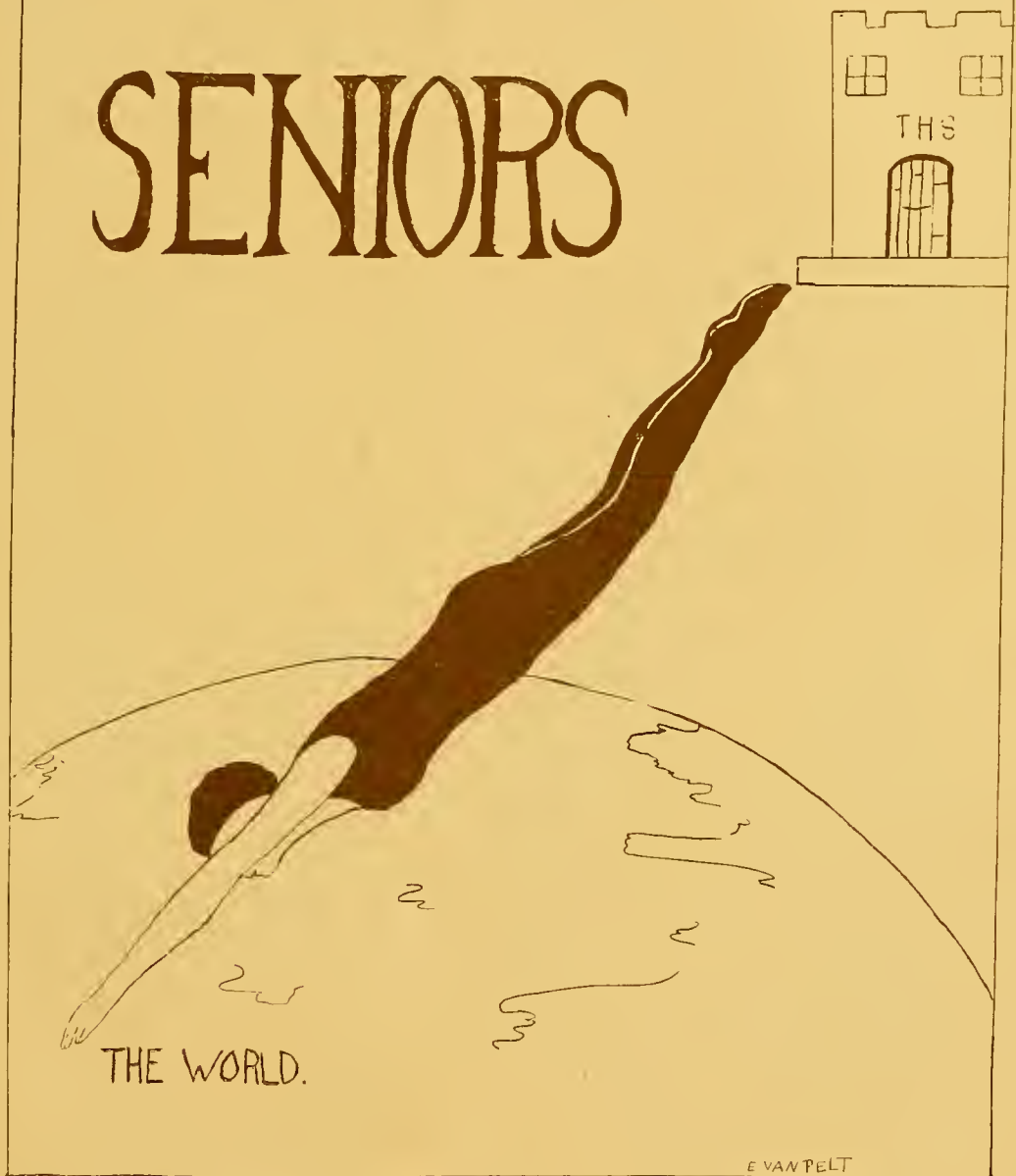
When Tubman's last day is over, and the rooms are dusted and swept,
When the oldest Seniors departed, and the youngest Freshman has left,
We shall rest—and, faith, we shall need it—go off for a camp or a trip,
Till next fall Mr. Garrett doth call each to pack her grip.

And we who were wise will be foolish; we shall sit in a light canoe,
Go fishing, crabbing and dancing and often picnicing, too;
We shall find our rest and refreshment 'mid mountains and pine trees tall,
We shall play all the livelong summer and never get tired at all.

And no more the students will praise us, or rather no more will they blame;
We will stop taking life seriously, and start treating it as a game,
And each in the joy of vacation—Whether by mountain or sea—
Will forget the past and the future in delight with "things as they be."



SENIORS



E VAN PELT

Senior Class

COLORS: Green and White

FLOWER: Daisy

MOTTO: Build for Character, Not for Fame.

OFFICERS

RUTH PUND.....	President
HAZEL MERTINS.....	Vice-President
AUGUSTA VON SPRECKEN.....	Secretary
MARIE SUMERAU.....	Treasurer



RUTH MEYER PUND

"In each cheek appears a pretty dimple,
Love made those hollows."

President of Senior Class.
Vice-President of Junior Class.
President of Glee Club.
President of Sophomore Class.
Senior Basketball Team.



MARY ASHE

"Jack of all trades—shall we say—
No! master of them all."

Editor-in-Chief of Annual.



LULIE BARNES

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will
be clever."





LUCILE BEATSE

"Speak less than thou knowest."



RUTH JULIET BISHOP

"You'd scarce expect one of her age
To speak in public on the stage."

Senior Basketball Team.
Captain Second Varsity Team.





BESSIE BLITCHINGTON

"The world rests lightly on her
shoulders."



DOROTHY BYRDIE BRILL

"No one was ever glorious
Who was not laborious."





ANNIE LEE CANNON

"Of honest worth, a girl on whom we
can with safety depend."



KATHERINE VIVIENNE CARD

"Better late than never."





LILLIAN CHAVEL

"True as the needle to the pole,
As the dial to the sun."



PEARL COHEN

"Laugh and the world laughs
with you."





DOROTHY EGBERT

"If ever she knew an evil thought
She spoke no evil word."



MABEL LOUISE ELLAS

"She cannot frown—she never tries,
her heart is ever merry."





ISABELLE STAFFORD GARRETT

"The glass of fashion, and the mould
of form."
President of Junior Class.



ANNIE GOLDSTEIN

"Do not care how many, but WHOM
you please."





MAUD GREALISH

"So teasing, so pleasing,
Capricious, delicious."



OLGA HARGROVE

"Though I am young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit."





MARION HAYNIE

"Neither too careless, nor too sad,
Nor too studious, nor too glad."



ELIZABETH HENRY

"Clear honor shining like a dewy star
From her blue eyes."





VONETA HIERS

"Her voice was ever gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman."



ETHEL HITT

"With volleys of eternal babble."





ANITA HODO

"Misses! The tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry."



EDNA INGRAM

"Happy am I, from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all content like me?"





DOROTHY IDA LEVY

"Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."



GLADYS LUQUIRE

"Let the old world wiggle,
I've got it by the tail."





MARY ELIZABETH MADDOX

"She is there, but no one knows it."



IDA BELLE MASUR

"Gay good nature sparkles in her eye."





GLADYS MATHEWS
"Ambition is no cure for love."



MARY HERCLER McELMURRAY
"Silence is golden."





MARGUERITE McEWEN

"The life of woman is full of woe,
Toiling on and on and on and on."



GRACE HAZEL MERTINS

"Better be small and shine, than large
and cast a shadow."

President of Athletic Association.
Assistant Business Manager of Annual.
Senior Basketball Team.
Secretary-Treasurer of Sophomore Class.





HORTENSE MINTZ

"Those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways
of honor."



IRMA MITCHELL

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace."
Senior Basketball Team.





MARGARET MONTGOMERY

"Amazing all and most herself amazed."
Senior Basketball Team.



ANNIE ARCHIE MURRAY

"When she will, she will, and you may
depend on it;
When she won't, she won't, and
there's an end to it."

Captain Basketball Team in Sopho-
more, Junior and Senior Classes.
Captain Senior Hockey Team.
Member Varsity Team.
Athletic Editor of Annual.
Treasurer of Glee Club.





FANNY PALTROVITCH

"Calories, calories, all is calories!"



FRANCES ELIZABETH PARKER

"Few cares, many joys,
Much beloved by the boys."





SARA POLIAKOFF

"Sometimes I sit and think—
Sometimes I just sit."



THELMA LOUISE PRESCOTT

"Good nature and good sense must
ever join."





MARY ELIZABETH PRINTUP

"We can live without music and live
without books,
But civilized man cannot live without
cooks."



AIMEE LOUISE ROBINSON

"Pleasure fills your youthful years,
Drop study if it interferes."





BESSIE SANDLER

"She never flunked, she never lied,
I guess she couldn't if she tried."



LILY IRENE SMITH

"Knowledge is power, wisdom is bliss,
All frivolous pastime I dismiss."





MABEL CLAIRE SPETH

"Life is all a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it."

Business Manager of Annual.



MARIE SUMERAU

"It would talk, Lord how it
would talk."

Treasurer of Senior Class.





FRANCES EMMA TUCKER

"Not too sober, not too gay,
But a real good fellow in every way."



AUGUSTA VON SPRECKEN

"Convince a girl against her will,
She's of the same opinion still."

Secretary-Treasurer of Junior Class.
Secretary of Senior Class.
Photograph Manager of Annual.





ETHEL FRANCES WALTERS

"In arguing, too, she shows great skill,
For even tho' vanquished, she could
argue still."



DOROTHY EVELYN WEATHERSBEE

"An equal temper in her mind she found
When Fortune flattered or when she frowned."





BESSIE WHITE

"Such heav'nly figures from her pencil flow,
So warm with light her blended colors glow."

Art Editor of Annual.



VERLIE EUGENIA WHITLOCK

"Imbibing wisdom, exhausting thought,
with each studious year."





CLARICE WISE

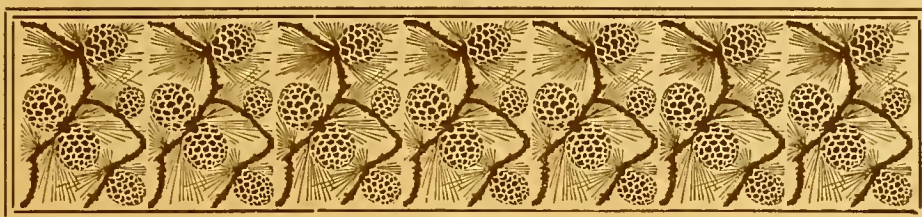
"When in doubt, giggle."
Assistant Editor-in-Chief of Annual.



NANCY LAWSON WRIGHT

"A dollar, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar."





Senior Poem

"Beneath the blue of the Southern skies,
Where the song of the pines is sung,
Follow the trail of the butterflies,
Where the crimson and gold are hung;

"Into the shade of the towering trees,
Where the torches of Knowledge burn,
'Tis there to fondest mem'ries
Our thoughts of thee shall turn.

"When you've followed the trail of the butterflies
Under the towering trees,
Beneath the blue of the Southern skies,
Shedding their airy breeze;

"Then you've reached the goal of a Tubman girl,
Where the song of the pines is sung,
Where the crimson and gold in beauty furl
In their glory and splendor hung."

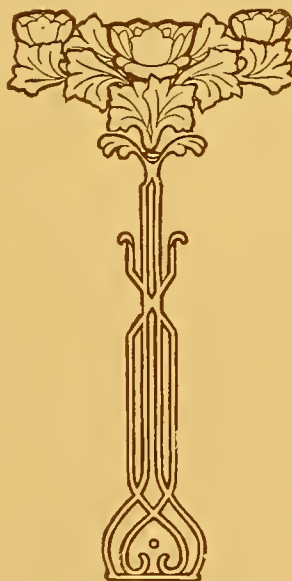
NANCY L. WRIGHT.



Who's Who

Most Prominent.....	Ruth Pund
Most Studious.....	* Virlie Whitlock
Most Stylish.....	Isabelle Garrett
Best All Round.....	Mabel Claire Speth
Prettiest.....	Frances Parker
Sweetest.....	Lulie Barnes
Most Business-like.....	Mabel Claire Speth
Best Athlete.....	Annie Murray
Bluntest Brunette.....	Marie Sumerau
Blondest Blonde.....	Lillian Chavel
Biggest Eater.....	Whole Class
Most Popular.....	Ruth Pund
Biggest Eyes.....	Edna Ingram
Biggest Hot Air Artist.....	Olga Hargrove
Laziest.....	Close Race
Most in Love.....	Anita Hodo
Fussiest.....	Fannie Paltowitz
Most Picayunish.....	Dorothy Brill
Biggest Giggler.....	Clarice Wise
Typical Senior.....	Mary Ashe
Fattest.....	Bessie Blitchington
Biggest.....	Ethel Hitt
Teacher's Pet.....	Margaret Montgomery
Most Dependent.....	Maud Grealish
Most Dependable.....	Hazel Mertins
Most Independent.....	Annie Lee Cannon
Slowest.....	Mary Ashe
Most Affected.....	Irma Mitchell
Most Sarcastic.....	Augusta von Sprecken
Smartest.....	Margaret Montgomery
Best Disposition.....	Elizabeth Henry
Neatest.....	Katharine Card
Best Dressed.....	Frances Parker
Most Distant.....	Gladys Luquire
Most Artistic.....	Bessie White and Bessie Sandler
Cutest.....	Clarice Wise
Handsomest.....	Ida Masur
Smallest.....	Dorothy Levy
Quietest.....	Mary McElmurray
Most Argumentative.....	Ethel Walters
Jolliest.....	Pearl Cohen
Most Erect.....	Evelyn Weathersby
Prettiest Eyes.....	Nancy Wright

Best Musician.....	Louise Ellas
Best Complexion.....	Marion Hainey
Reddest Red.....	Elizabeth Maddox
Goosest Goose.....	Sara Poliakoff
Tallest.....	Mary Printup
Prisniest.....	Dorothy Egbert
Beaucoup Freckles.....	Ruth Bishop
Meekest.....	Lilly Smith
Best Singer.....	Ruth Bishop
Biggest Vamp.....	Voneter Hiers
Most Attractive.....	Ruth Pund
Best Typist.....	Annie Goldstein
Most Fidgety.....	Gladys Matthews
Most Stately.....	Hortense Mintz
Biggest Baby.....	Lulie Barnes
Biggest Talker.....	Marguerite McEween
Biggest Bluffer.....	Augusta von Sprecken
Goody-goodiest.....	Lucile Beatse
Biggest Gossip.....	Annual Staff
Most Self-satisfied.....	Ethel Walters and Irma Mitchell



The Class of Nineteen-Twenty

We're the class of nineteen-twenty
From the good old Tubman High.
We're nearly thru with lessons and
The end is drawing nigh.

We are fifty-four in number, and
Many are the things we've learned;
Great were our fears and struggles
When our dear old school was burned.

Sophomore year we were frozen out,
For great was the shortage of coal;
So, patriotically, we shivered while
We thought of the distance to our goal.

Junior year we were full of fear
For the "flu" had shut us out,
And so far away was our Senior year
That to graduate was in doubt.

But we've studied hard thru every struggle,
And now great is our fame;
We've even found time for basketball
And we've won 'most every game.

And now we are great Seniors,
And old Tubman is so dear
That, strange as it may seem to you,
We regret that the end is near.

But even though we're nearly through
We know we've done our best,
To make our dear new Tubman
A pride for all the rest.

But alas! amid tears and joyous cries
The end is almost here,
And the class of nineteen-twenty
Will be but a memory dear.

BESSIE SANDLER.

Class Prophecy



WAS lying in the hammock on the porch of my cottage at the seashore. (I, now Mme. Wise, the permanent hair waver, was taking a rest at this quiet summer resort.) The tide was low and there were few waves. Glancing seaward I saw a strange looking object moving over the surface of the water. As it drew nearer, I decided it must be a submarine. By this time part of the body could be seen. It was evident that it was headed for the nearest dock. I arose from the hammock and ran down to the beach, but I did not make much progress on account of the hundred and fifty additional pounds that I had gained since my high school days. At last I reached the dock to find that the sub. was already fastened to the pier and a man and woman were disembarking. As I drew nearer, the face of the woman looked very familiar, but it was not until she smiled and ran to meet me that I recognized my old school-mate, Annie Murray. She then introduced me to her husband, whom I readily recognized as a noted athlete whom I had read about. It was strange that Annie recognized me as I had grown rather stouter. I remarked about this, but she laughed and said that she had heard of my ill-fate from Ruth Bishop who was a traffic cop on a United States patrol boat stationed in mid-ocean and who had "pulled" her for speeding. How like Ruth! I thought. She still liked to have her own way. Annie said that Ruth came on board her sub., and talked about old school days. Ruth told Annie that one afternoon just before twilight, seeing one of the newly-invented boats for crossing the ocean in three days dash by her boat, breaking all speed laws, she was obliged to call a halt to it, and whom do you suppose she saw on deck? None other than Elizabeth Maddox. She asked Ruth on board for a chat, and explained that she was on her way home for a vacation after spending years of hard work in China as a missionary. Elizabeth showed her some chopsticks and souvenirs that she was taking back to the U. S. A. I remembered Elizabeth's hobby in T. H. S.

I then asked Annie and her husband to come on up to my cottage for tea. When we arrived there, they explained that they were touring the world and begged me to join them on a trip to New York. I didn't need much

coaxing, so I hurriedly packed my things and we were soon off. In a short while we reached our destination.

As we were disembarking at New York, a large, masculine-looking person came rapidly toward us. She quickly demanded our passports. The voice seemed very familiar, and looking more closely I recognized Pearl Cohen, now an immigration officer.

We had time before lunch to do a little shopping, so Annie and I left the masculine member of our party at the hotel while we performed our mission. As we walked up Fifth Avenue, my attention was suddenly drawn to a large electric sign extending over the sidewalk. Here is what I read: "Mme. Walter's Perfect-fitting Gown Shop." "Surely that can't be our old classmate, Ethel," said Annie.

"Let's go in and see," I suggested. When we entered, the first person that met my eyes was Ethel strolling around displaying one of the perfect-fitting gowns. Can you imagine it? As soon as the informal greeting was over, she begged us to sit down and rest awhile. We, of course, started talking about our former school-mates. I asked her if she knew anything about any of them. "Oh, yes," she said, "Thelma Prescott is head nurse at Bellevue Hospital. I suppose you know that Elizabeth Henry married a prosperous farmer of South Carolina."

Looking at my watch, I saw that it was time to meet Annie's husband for lunch. As we made our way down the crowded street a little newsboy ran up and thrust a paper before me. I purchased it to read. After lunch, when I unfolded it, much to my amazement the headlines read, "New Species of Frog Discovered," and below this "Professor E. Weathersbee Makes Most Brilliant Discovery of the Day." Could this noted Professor of Biology be Evelyn? "Wonders never cease," I thought to myself. In turning the pages quite an unusual poem attracted me. After reading it, I looked to see who the poet was—but, alas, it was a poetess, and none other than Nancy Wright.

That afternoon, while we were out sight-seeing, our attention was drawn to a crowd of people who were cheering and pitching their hats into the air. We drew nearer to see what the commotion was about and then we found Augusta von Sprecken and Margaret Montgomery, standing on soap boxes, gesticulating to the surrounding crowd. We paused for a moment to see what they were talking about. Each was trying to convince the throng that her new scientific discovery—a substance that would turn sawdust into gold—was the best. Neither could out-argue the other; consequently, the crowd dispersed without buying either.

Going home after the theater that evening, we passed a noted cabaret. Nothing would do Annie's husband but to stop there for a while. We walked in and took a seat. In a few minutes the lights were turned off everywhere except on the stage. A tiny bell boy came dancing out, and down the steps to our very table. I gasped with surprise as I recognized Dorothy Levy.

I thought how strangely Fate mocks us. She stopped and chatted a while, and I asked her if she knew the whereabouts of any of our school-mates. She said that she knew of only one, Dorothy Brill, who was a school teacher in a nearby town.

The next morning we arose early so that we might go to see a famous world-known spiritualist who acted as medium between this world and the spirit-world. As she was very popular, we were anxious to interview her before so many people gathered there to consult her. Our taxi stopped before a beautiful home in Brooklyn. We got out and went up the big marble stairs and were ushered into a spacious living-room, elegantly furnished. The door leading into the next room, from which mysterious sounds issued, had been left half open. We glanced in. It was a weird, "spooky" looking place. A little woman with a soft voice sat at a table. Across from her sat a little old man with grey hair. She was telling him excitedly about some departed spirit that lived on the fourth dimension. Who could they be? We were not long kept in suspense, for they arose and came to the door. Could I be dreaming? There before my eyes stood Verlie Whitlock, the famous spiritualist, and Mr. Stemple, our former chemistry teacher and a confirmed hater of spiritualists.

We returned to the hotel about 12 o'clock for lunch, and the first thing I did was to stop by the office to see if there was any mail. The clerk handed me a large envelope which I immediately recognized as some of my business stationery. I opened it and saw that it was from the girl that I had left in charge of my business. She advised me to return as soon as possible as a certain Miss Vonita Hiers was opening a beauty parlor and was specializing on permanent waves. I thought if this were the same Vonita that went to Tubman, that I certainly had better return, for I knew that she would surely put me out of business if she still had the wave that she had while in Tubman.

Just as I was finishing my letter, some one hit me on the back and said, "Why, hello, what are you doing here?" I turned quickly, and there before me stood Mabel Claire Speth, dressed as an aviatrix. I asked her what she was doing there. "Why," she said, "I brought the famous suffragist, Hazel Mertins, over from England to make a speech in New York. She is one of the staunchest suffragists in the world, and has been touring the old country making addresses." I was not at all surprised at this, as I remembered how she had practiced on us in T. H. S. I then told Mabel that I had been called home on business. "Good!" she said, "I'm going that way myself. I'll give you a 'lift.'" I bade my friends good-bye and prepared for my trip with Mabel. When we were well on our way I asked Mabel if she knew the fate of any of the class of nineteen-twenty. "Oh, yes," she answered, "Frances Parker is a popular society matron in Atlanta. I suppose you know of Bessie Sandler's fame as an artist?"

I replied in the affirmative, for I had seen her masterpiece while I was in New York. "Let me tell you something funny that happened the other day," I said. "As I was going down one of the streets in New York, this

sign caught my eye: 'Come in and learn how to blush. Guarantee to refund money if not satisfied.' I couldn't resist the temptation, so I walked in, and who do you suppose was the instructor? It was no other than Edna Ingram. I remembered her numerous variety of blushes in T. H. S., and knew that she must be a success, so I paid for a few lessons in advance."

Just then the machine began to wobble, and I was greatly frightened. "What's the matter? Is there too much weight in here?" I asked in one breath. "No," said Mabel, "I don't know what's wrong, but we'll have to land. Fortunately, we're over Philadelphia." So we landed and she gave the machine the "once over," finding that she would have to get a new part for it. As it would be the next day before we could start again, we consequently made our way to the hotel. When we entered the lobby, I saw a familiar figure which I immediately recognized as Frances Tucker. She told us that she was manager for that hotel, and was doing a rushing business owing to the appetizing meals they served, which were prepared by Mary Printup. So Mary couldn't get very far from anything to eat. It's a wonder that there were any profits if Mary still had the appetite that she possessed at Tubman, I thought.

I then went up to my room to rest a while. On the table I found a book of poems that some one had evidently left behind in a hurried departure. Out of sheer curiosity I picked the volume up and glanced through it. Much to my amazement I saw that it was a collection of poems written by Marie Sumerau. Could this be another of my old class-mates? Yes, indeed, for on looking more closely I saw that the first poem had been dramatized by Annie Lee Cannon, Maude Grealish being the heroine. This promised to be interesting, so I read on and found that Olga Hargrove played the part of the comedian and Ethel Hitt had been the scenery painter. I remembered their talents in dear old Tubman, and was quite confident that they had been successful.

By this time I was quite rested, so I put on my hat and strolled uptown to see if I could find a dress to wear to the theater that evening. I passed a show window that displayed several beautiful gowns for stout women, so I went in. I asked to see the manager, and when she appeared, who do you suppose it was? Isabelle Garrett, of course. We chatted for a while about old school days, and then I noticed a handsome model, with a most becoming sport suit on, walking around in the rear of the store. She seemed strangely familiar, but I couldn't place her. I turned to ask "Izzy" about her, when I noticed that the model was smiling. "Why, don't you recognize her?" asked Isabelle. "That's Ida Masur. She's still handsome as ever. I bet you don't know who the customer is." I looked, but as she had her back turned I didn't recognize her. "That's 'Taffy' Card looking at the sport suit. She now holds the world's tennis championship." I was not surprised at this, for she was such an expert player in T. H. S. "You remember Sarah Poliakoff?" "Izzy" went on. "Well, she is my bookkeeper, and is considered one of the best in town." We had talked so long that I had to leave before buying my dress in order to meet Mabel and fulfill our engagement at the beauty parlor.

While I was standing on the corner waiting for Mabel, a shriek, half of terror, half of pain, sounded sharply in my ears. I turned quickly in the direction from which the cry came. Much to my horror, I saw a little child, who had been knocked down by a speeding runabout, lying on the pavement, apparently dead. A crowd had gathered almost instantly and out of the throng stepped a doctor and nurse who happened to be passing when the accident occurred. When the doctor removed her hat, I recognized Lillie Smith. Marian Haynie was the nurse who gently cared for the child.

Just then Mabel Claire came up and we set out for the beauty parlor. On arriving there, Mabel left me and went into another room to have her hair dressed while I waited for the manicurist to appear. In a few minutes Fannie Paltrowitch came in and announced that she was the manicurist. She sat down and began what seemed to her a hopeless job, all the while talking about old Tubman days. "Do you know what has become of any of '20's class?" I asked her. "Oh, yes," she responded in her familiar voice, "Annie Goldstein is the best stenographer in town. She works for the largest department store here." I asked her if she knew what had become of Irma Mitchell, and if she was still going to the dentist. "Why, Irma was up here a few days ago, and told us the glad news that she didn't have to go to the dentist any more or wear poultices for days at a time, for she now had an entirely new set of teeth, guaranteed never to hurt." I laughed, as I remembered Irma's poultices.

Mabel Claire then bounced into the room and said, "Oh, I have a surprise for you. Guess whom I've found!" Then she dragged Lucile Beatse, the noted hair-dresser, out of the adjoining room. I was dumfounded. "We've been talking about by-gone school days," Mabel announced, "and Lucile told me that Anita Hodo despaired of ever marrying and had settled down with all her pets and was making a living by knitting sweaters for the 'Ladies' Exchange.' Can you imagine Anita not marrying? You remember Marguerite McEween? Lucile says she's married, and lives on a farm not far from here." So Marguerite preferred feeding chickens to the gay life of the city.

That evening we dolled up in our "glad rags" and journeyed forth to the theater, fully expecting to be bored to death. No sooner were we seated than the curtain rose. Glancing hurriedly at the program, I saw that the first number was a selection on the piano by a Mme. Louise Ellaso, one of the greatest musicians and composers of the day. Just then a short, stout woman wobbled out on the stage and sat down at the piano. She began by playing a lively march. I noticed the player's left foot which constantly bobbed up and down in time with the music. Mabel nudged me and asked, "Whom does that remind you of? It makes me homesick for Tubman." I examined the program again, and, putting two and two together, and making Louise Ellaso out of it, I imparted my secret to Mabel. As soon as the performance was over, we rushed around to the stage door to see Louise. What a meeting it was, too! She told us that when she grew tired of entertaining others with her splendid art that she ran away to a little country town and

opened a store at which the school boys and girls might buy cakes and chocolate bars. There she dreamed of old Tubman days.

Next morning found Mabel and me on our journey again. "Since we've seen so many Tubmanites on our trip, I've become very anxious to see Tubman once more," I said.

"Let's stop and go through it," said Mabel, "and see if it's changed much since 1920." Of course, I agreed, and we began to descend. When we landed, a reporter ran up to find out who we were. As soon as she came close enough we recognized Dorothy Egbert, reporter for The Herald. She took us to town in her "flivver" and "dropped" us at Broad and Jackson Streets. We walked up to Ninth Street. There we found Hortense Mintz, wearing large smoked glasses, and playing a violin for dear life. How sorry we were to see that Hortense had lost her eyesight! We went up to speak to her, but when we were only a foot or two away, she greatly surprised us with: "Hello, Sports! So glad to see you, but I can't take off my 'specks' here. Come around to the house tonight and we'll have a big time.

I then bought a newspaper and we caught the first car for Tubman. When we were comfortably seated, I divided the paper with Mabel and we searched for Augusta news. Mabel, who had the first sheet, suddenly exclaimed, "Just look! Mary Ashe is editor-in-chief. She has evidently profited by her experience in Tubman." "Oh, isn't this exciting?" I cried, "'Secrets of Love,' by Bessie White. Who would have thought it?"

"Here's a description of Mary McElmurray's wedding," said Mabel. Yes, I remembered the diamond she wore at Tubman. She said her father gave it to her. Oh! well—that's what they all say. "But look," I cried, in my turn, "at this advertisement: 'Miss Aimee Robinson, best jazz teacher in town; expert on all new steps. Music furnished by the Blitchington Orchestra.'"

"All out for Tubman!" We jumped up and got off quickly. Slowly we made our way up the walk, taking in all the familiar surroundings. We were greeted at the door by Gladys Luquire, who told us that she was Ruth Pund's stenographer, who in turn had succeeded Mr. Garrett as principal, but had recently sent in her resignation. She wore a solitaire on her left hand, and it was rumored that she was busily embroidering "C's" on table linen. You can judge the rest for yourself.

Gladys showed us over the school. Everything was the same, except for a few improvements. As we passed down the second floor hall, I fully expected to see Miss Flisch standing at the head of the stairs with her "Keep to the right, girls," but instead a little blonde woman was in her place. So Lillian Cheval had followed in Miss Flisch's footsteps.

As we passed the Commercial room, I glanced in and on the desk I saw a large picture of Miss Mattox. I immediately looked for Lulie, for I knew that she must surely be somewhere near. Sure enough there was she, for now Lulie was head of the commercial department.

"Come down and take a look at the gym," Gladys suggested. I was surprised to find that Gladys Matthews was now the teacher in this department. She showed us the new conveniences and improvements, the greatest of which was the large, snowy-white pool, the delight of the student body. "Look how clear it is," Gladys said. "You can see this dime on the bottom when I drop it." I leaned over to watch for the dime, when suddenly I lost my footing and fell in with a great splash. I wiped the water from my eyes and opened them. Where was I? The moon was shining brightly and the tide had risen to the porch of my cottage. I looked up. The hammock was swinging vigorously. So that explained it. I had been dreaming for the last two hours and in my excitement had fallen out of the hammock, which was hung near the edge of the porch, into the water. I forgot to mention that I had lobster salad for supper.



Last Will and Testament



E, the Senior Class of Tubman High School, City of Augusta, County of Richmond, State of Georgia, being of sound and disposing mind, and realizing that our time is short, do make, declare, and publish this instrument as our last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all other wills heretofore made by us:

We, the Class of 1920, hereby bequeath to the Class of 1921, our present position in chapel, and our daily lectures on a Senior's responsibility and influence. Also our various privileges and our present realization that being a Senior verifies the proverb, "All that glitters is not gold."

To Irene Jackson, Annie Murray leaves her "gym" talents and her professional qualities as captain of numerous teams.

Clarice Wise bequeaths her permanent wave and patented giggle to Ruth Nowell.

Verlie Whitlock leaves to Mary Ferguson her A's and A+'s, which were given to her at every wink of the eye.

To Belle Walker, Ruth Pund leaves her art of presiding over frequent class meetings.

Mabel Claire Speth leaves to Deryl Clark her business-like ability, which talent was displayed on every occasion and was tried in the fiery furnace during the drive for Annual subscriptions.

Remembering the maxim: "He that hath, let him give to him who hath not," Edna Ingram leaves her frequent blushes to Polly Watson. In drawing up this document, we request that Polly have one brand of blushes patented, that is, the brand Edna uses when she misses her history.

Ethel Hitt bequeaths her artistic ability to Minnie Goldie Fell, hoping that Minnie will never have to pose, without compensation, for so many art posters as did Ethel.

Fannie Paltrowitch leaves to Edna Maxwell her oratorical powers in delivering a history report. May Edna from now on prize and make use of this splendid endowment, thereby relieving her mind of numberless excuses and thus lightening the hearts of her teachers.

To any unfortunate Junior, Gladys Luquire bequeaths the position of her name in the middle of the history class roll—the mere fact that her name stood in said position offered sufficient excuse to use it always as a good starting point.

Louise Ellas leaves her position as Tubman pianist to Martha Wall. She would bequeath also her habit of patting her left foot to said Martha, but, as such is impossible, it is useless to try to draw up a legal document concerning same.

The First Senior Hockey Team leaves its hard-earned and long-worked-for championship to the First Junior Team. Accompanying this gift are many bruises inflicted by ruthless opponents.

The Seniors of the Glee Club leave vacant places and, in bequeathing them to favored members of the Junior Class, we hope that they who fall heir to this heritage will derive as much pleasure and delight from their Thursday afternoon rehearsals as did the Seniors of 1920.

It is with the greatest respect and the deepest admiration for the present Faculty that we now bequeath that honored body to the under-classmen. We leave these teachers to all the classes inclusively, but only for the term of their natural high school life. We hand down to them the exclusive right to these our instructors, favorites or otherwise.

After due deliberation we leave to any girl in the Junior Class who is bright enough to decipher them all of Mr. Stemple's Laboratory note-book corrections.

We devise and bequeath our Senior Class room, number 23, to the Juniors, believing that they will appreciate the four brilliant electric lights which have afforded much enjoyment to several Seniors during the past year. Along with this gift go the many luxurious seats, now calmly awaiting their future occupants.

To the Class of '21 we hand down the many golden opportunities lost during our four years at Tubman, hoping that said class will have fewer to bequeath to the class of '22.

With hearts full of love and gratitude to our beloved principal, we bequeath him and his polka dot tie to all under-classmen. May every Tubman girl prize and appreciate his thoughtfulness and interest which have been manifested ever since his first year at Tubman.

We leave to all Freshmen our heartfelt sympathy and appreciation of all their trials and hardships.

We, the Seniors of 1920, pledge our undying love and unwavering devotion to our Alma Mater. At this time when signs of dissolution are at hand, we, the Senior Class of 1920, devise and bequeath said beloved Alma Mater to all girls of Augusta of high school age. That part of our interest we give to them for future generations, hoping that in later years they will regard her with the same loyal pride and sincere appreciation as we do, the departing Seniors of 1920.

(Signed) SENIOR CLASS OF 1920,

Ruth Bishop (Testator).

Witnesses:

T. HARRY GARRETT,
LEAH WHITE,
BEULAH ELLIOTT.

Farewell To Seniors

Seniors, Seniors, soon you'll leave us, leave us—Ah! to graduate,
Graduation days are coming; glorious, thrilling, happy fete.

No more running for the street car; no more getting up at dawn:
No more basket-ball at Tubman; no more tennis on the lawn.

Ah! You Seniors, how you've scared us with your talk of studies hard,
Just the same we will forgive you, for your books you'll soon discard.

Think, O Seniors, what you're leaving—leaving us to take your place—
Leaving all your days of school work and your record-breaking pace.

But departing, leave behind you as you onward, forward go,—
Leave us that deep secret, Seniors, how you win the teachers so.

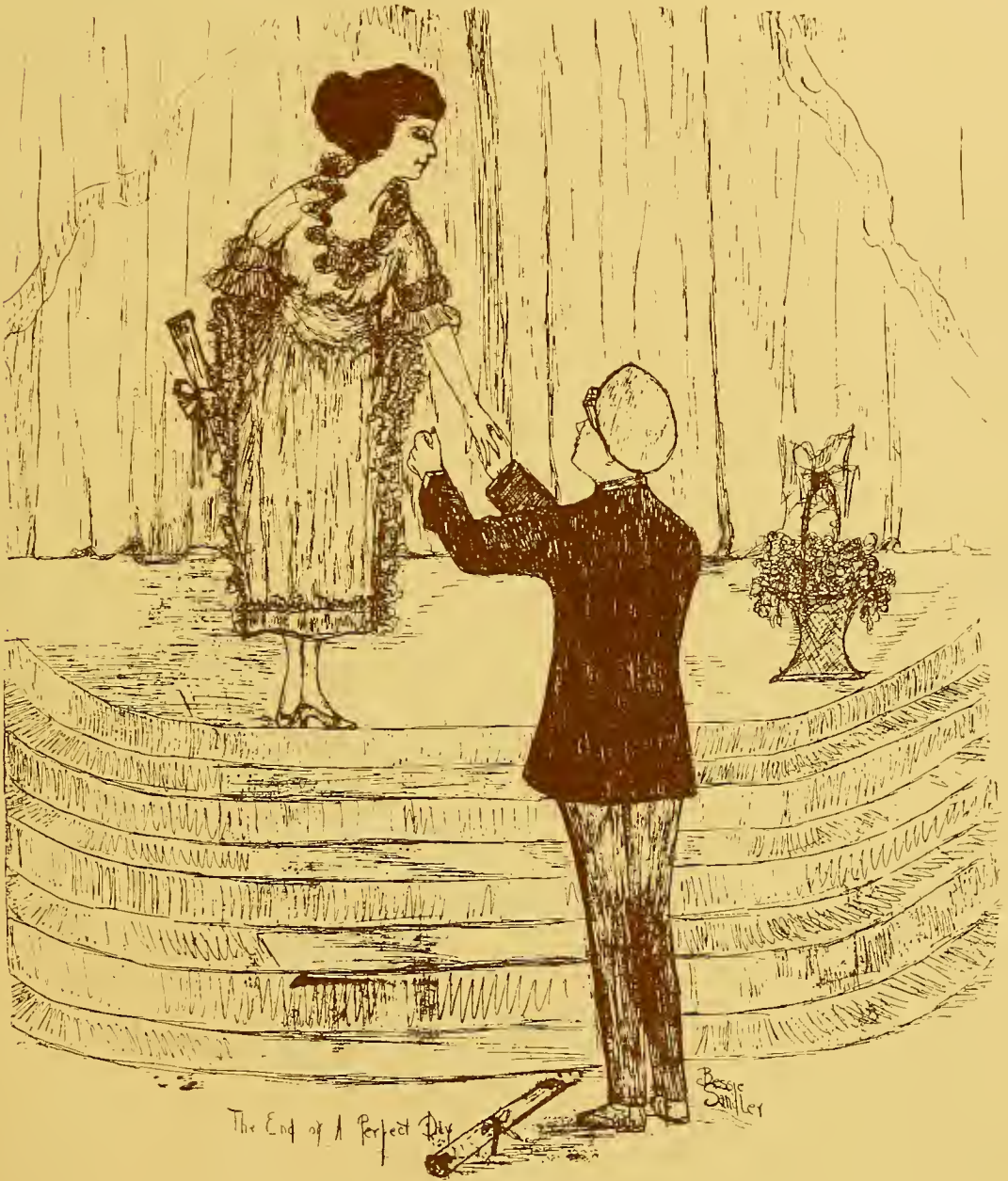
Will us, too, the charming manner that you bluff the Freshmen with;
That impressive dignity you mingle with your pep and pith.

Think, O Seniors, whom you're leaving, must you leave us far behind?
Yes. 'Tis plain we cannot keep you, though we wish Fate were more kind.

Think, O Seniors, what you're leaving—ghosts of girlhood gaieties,
Days when joy was ever present; hosts of Tubman memories.

But 'tis life that calls you onward; and we, here, the chorus swell—
"Fare thee well. If so it must be, then it must be; fare thee well."

MARTHA JARRELL, '21.



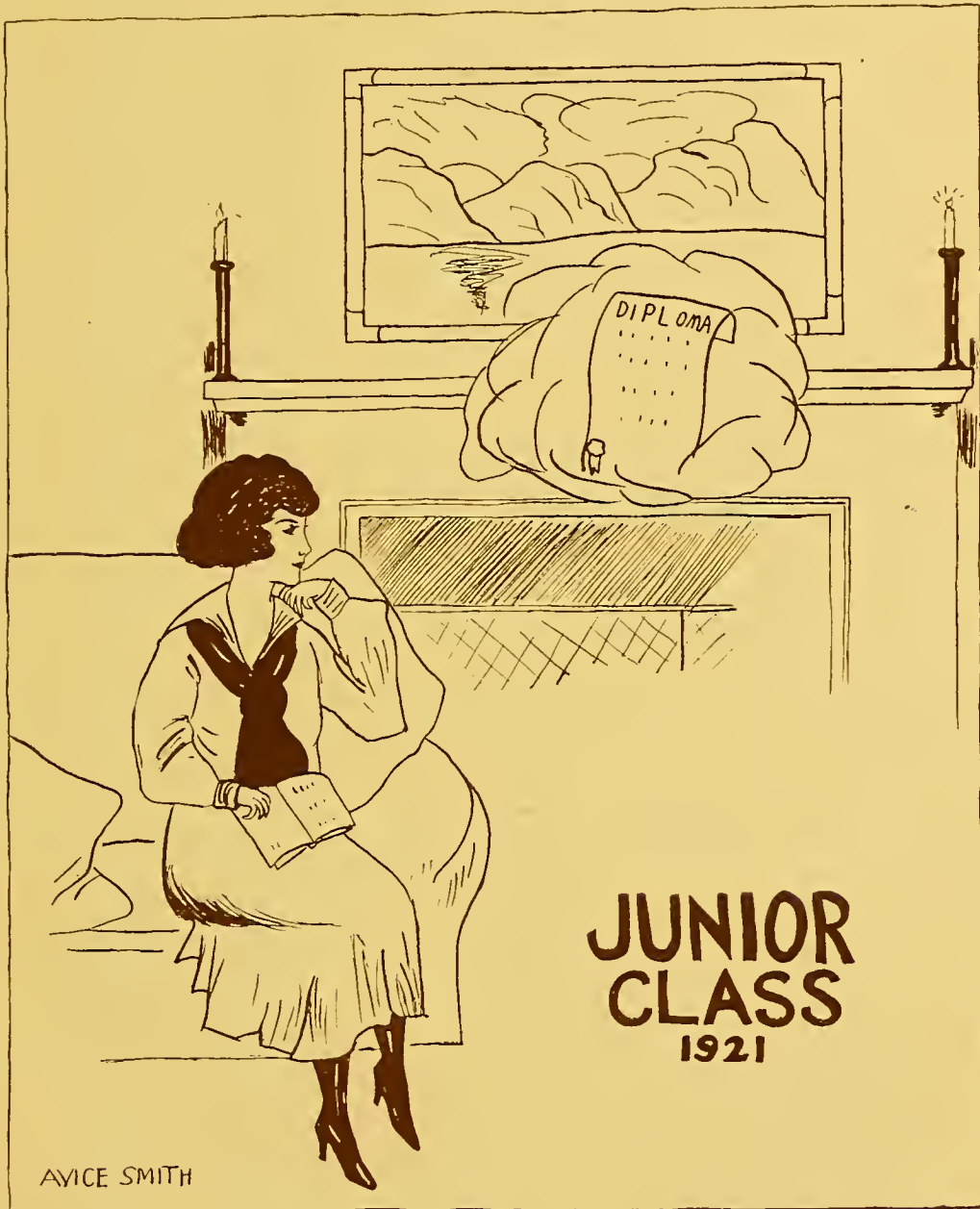
T. H. S. to A. R. C.

IN MEMORIAM

MINNIE DERYL HILTON

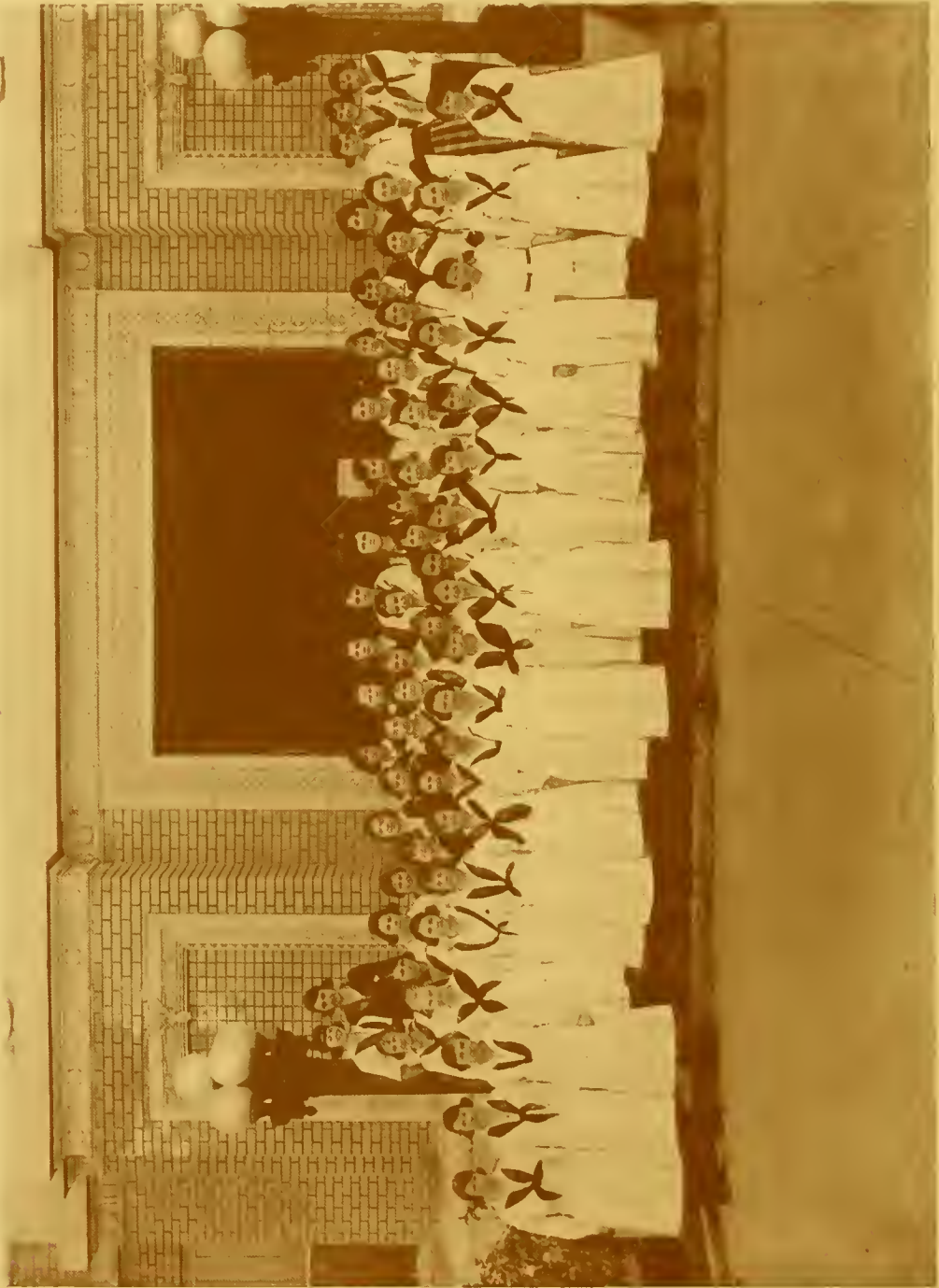
Died April 15, 1920.

For three years she was a beloved member of the Class of 1920, and in her death Tubman lost a talented musician, a loyal student and a noble character.



JUNIOR CLASS 1921

AVICE SMITH



Junior Class

COLORS: Pink and White.

FLOWER: Pink Rose-buds.

MOTTO: Live to Learn and Learn to Live.

CLASS OFFICERS

BELLE WALKER..... President
MARTHA WALL..... Vice-President
BESSIE PLUMB..... Secretary and Treasurer



The Charge of Nineteen Twenty-One

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
Into the valley of Science
 Stormed the twenty-one, nineteen hundred.
Test tubes to the right of them,
Stirring rods to the left of them,
Experiments in front of them,
 Volleyed and thundered.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
On through the valley of Languages,
 Rode the twenty-one, nineteen hundred.
Latin prose to the right of them,
"L'Abbe Constantin" to the left of them,
Translations in front of them
 Their ranks were sundered.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
Into the valley of English,
 Came the twenty-one, nineteen hundred.
Dramas to the right of them,
Biographies to the left of them,
Themes in front of them,
 Oh, how they blundered!

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
Into the valley of Gym,
 Marched the twenty-one, nineteen hundred.
Basket balls to the right of them,
Base balls to the left of them,
Tennis balls in front of them,
 By dozens they tumbled.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
Into the valley of "Exams,"
 Went the twenty-one, nineteen hundred.
Forward the "Passed" Brigade!
Bring up the "Flunked"! was said:
Right in the valley of Despair
 Fell almost a hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh the mad charge they made!
 All Sophs and Freshmen wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor this brave brigade
 Unconquered twenty-one, nineteen hundred.

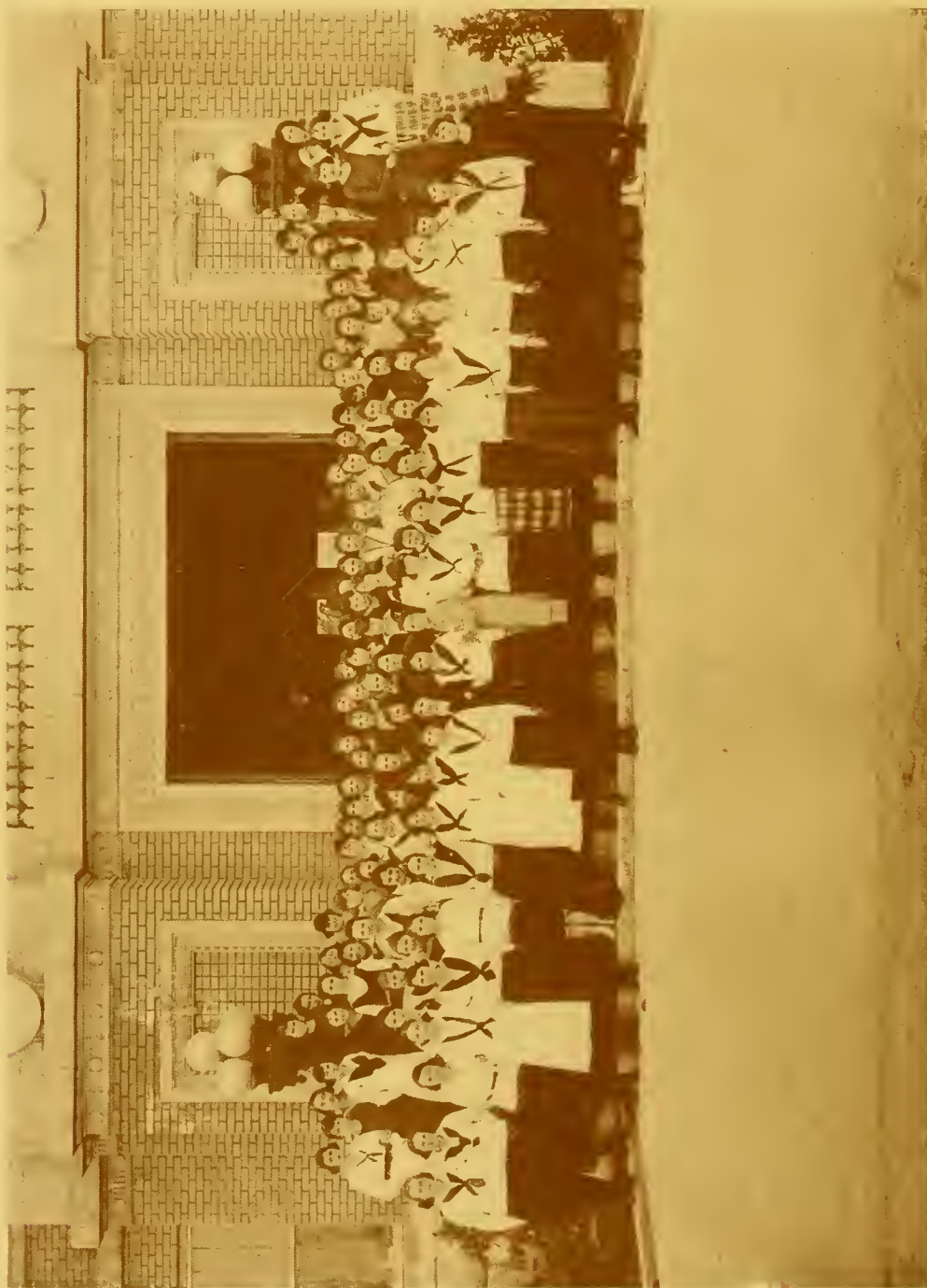
FRANCES BRAWNER.



1922



L. WATSON
AND
F. CONNER



Sophomore Class

COLORS: Green and White

FLOWER: White Roses

MOTTO: "B'"

CLASS OFFICERS

ANNIE B. DANIEL.....President
ANNA E. BRANCH.....Vice-President
MILDRED GARDNER.....Secretary and Treasurer



Sophomore Class History



AS IT would take volumes to relate all concerning the Class of 1922, it is deemed wise to mention only a few facts, which are self-evident. The first most obvious fact is that this is an unusually bright looking bunch of girls, and as they stand at the beginning of the rough and stormy pathway leading to the great "Hall of Fame," there is no doubt but that all of their names will be inscribed upon its walls.

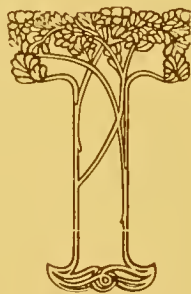
It was a memorable day in September, 1918, that the Class of 1922 made its first appearance at Tubman. Our hopes were high, our spirits higher, and nothing,—not even the Sophomore's cutting remarks—could mar the happiness of that day. We were a friendly, good-natured, optimistic class, and our ambition was to walk off with as many honors as possible, with as little work as possible. That we have secured the honors will be testified to, by,—well, everybody except the Faculty.

Of course, every truly great organization has its "ups and downs," and the Class of '22 has been no exception. Our Freshman work was interrupted twice on account of the "Flu," not to mention the appearance of a new Latin teacher at regular intervals of every two months. (That is one of the many reasons why Miss Dora loses so much sleep on account of this class.)

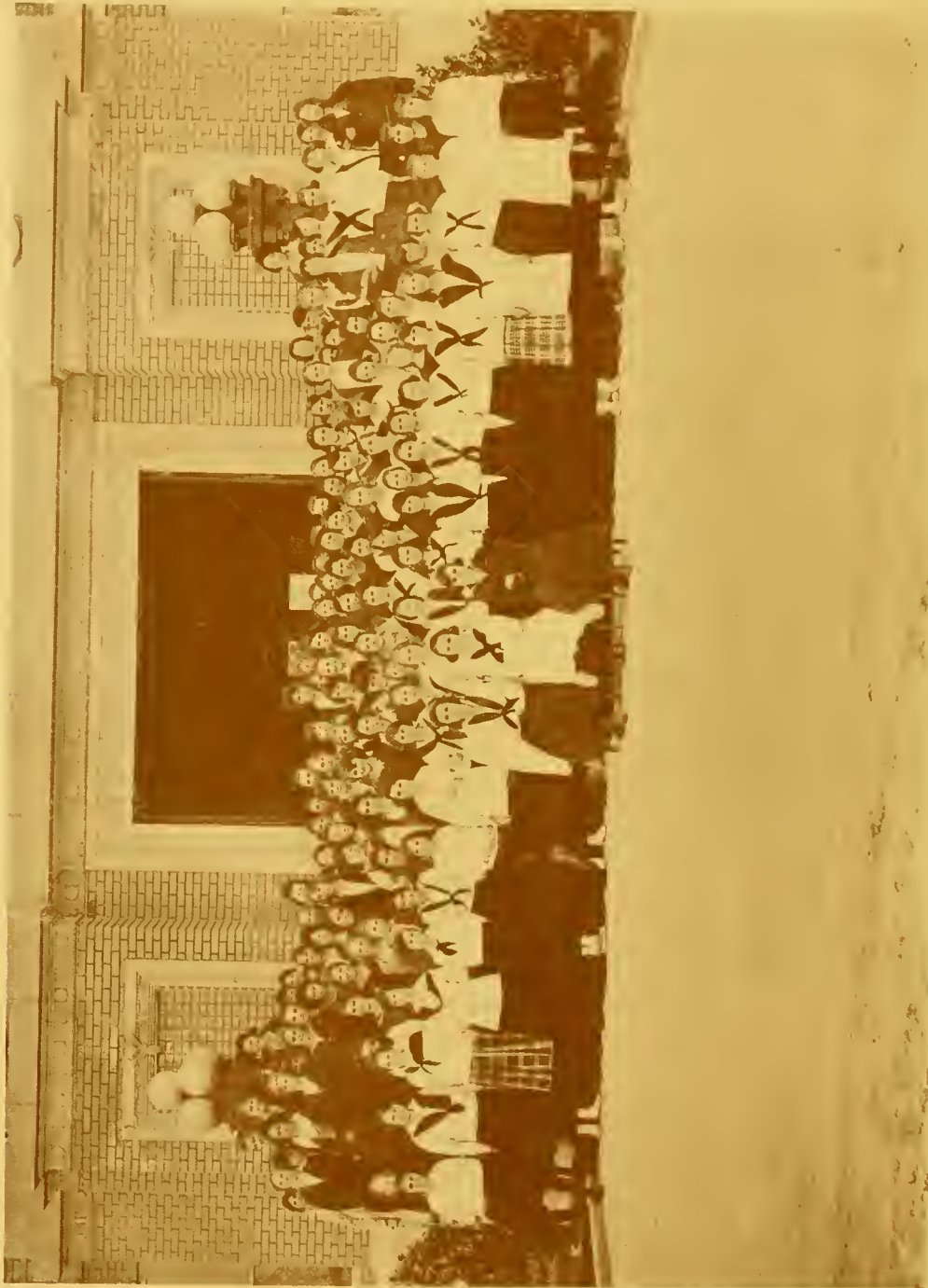
So far the Class of '22 has not really revealed to the world its wonderful ability in athletics. In fact, our class team has never won a single game of basket ball or hockey! However, we have not the slightest doubt but that the elements of greatness are in us, as we are fully convinced that it was due to the magnificent work on the part of our representatives, namely—Agee, Branch and Daniels, that the game with Waynesboro was such an overwhelming victory.

As we will have to stop some time, it might as well be now, leaving volumes to remain untold about the class whose triumphs and successes will be renewed with greater and greater luster in the time to come. Look out for the Class of 1922, which has only been introduced in this brief sketch. They will some day make their mark in the world.

CLIFFORD JUDITH KELLY, '22.









COLORS: Red and White

FLOWER: Red Poppy

MOTTO: To Do, Not to Dream; to Be, Not to Seem.

CLASS OFFICERS.

CECILIA BAKERPresident

ELMA KEENER.....Vice-President

MAUD TAYLOR.....Secretary

F—fidelity
R—responsiveness
E—earnestness
S—sincerity
H—helpfulness
M—merit
A—ability
N—nobility

C—courage
L—loyalty
A—ambition
S—self-control
S—success

Looking Into The Future



HERE we are Freshmen with four long dreary years of grind ahead of us. I wonder if we'll ever live through it? It certainly doesn't seem so. Every one teases us and calls us "Little Greenies," but anyway we are not at the very bottom as the Sub-freshman have taken that responsibility. This year seems so long and just to think of three more!

Just to imagine being Sophomores is a little more encouraging because we will not be Freshmen at any rate, and we'll have a little higher aim in life.

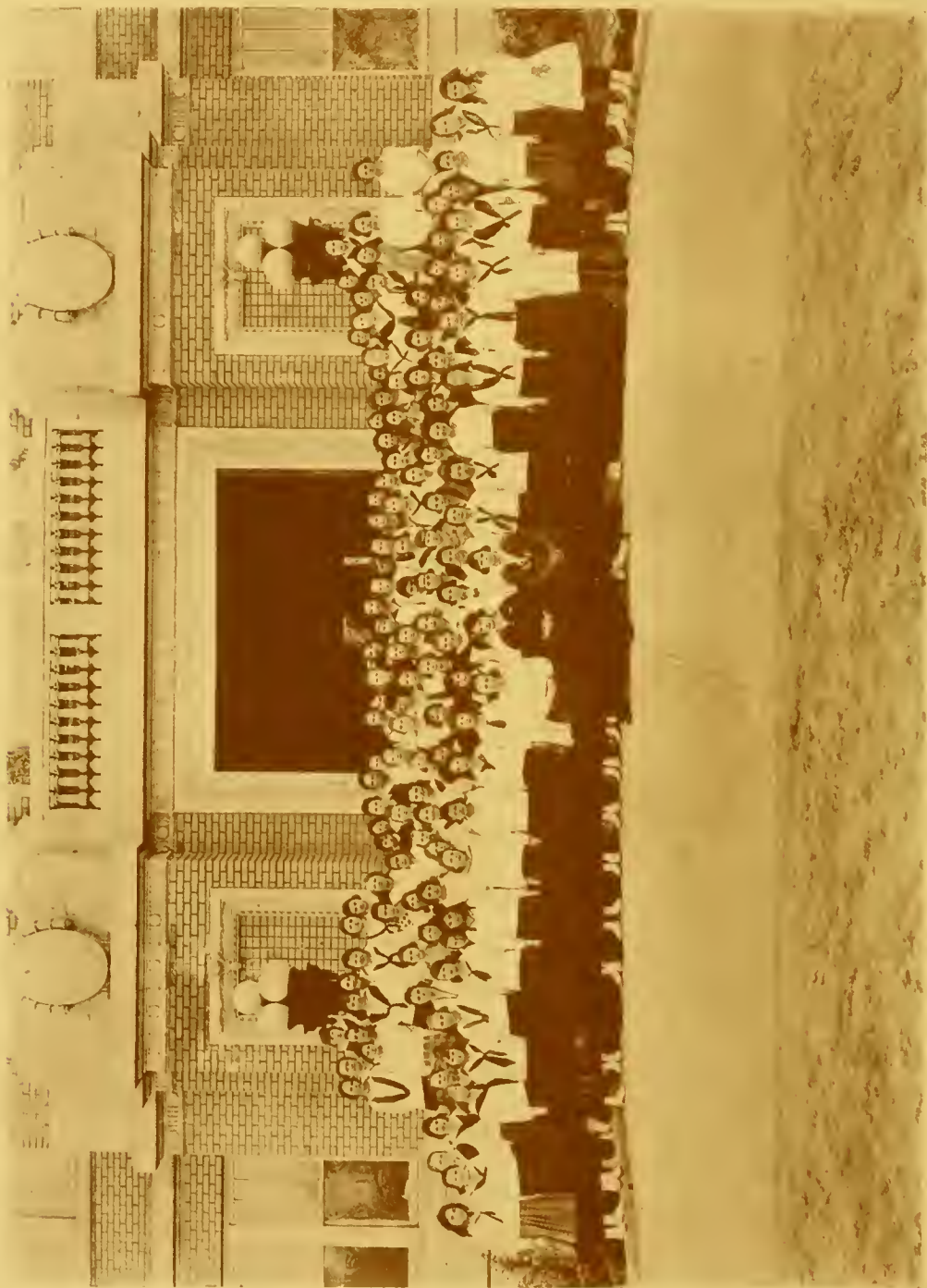
But better still Juniors! Our class basket-ball team will be victorious over all the other classes and some of us will make the Varsity. It will be wonderful until we think of going home and studying. Something seems to always take the joy out of life.

We can hardly realize that we will ever be real Seniors. It's so far off. But maybe we will some day. It must be a glorious feeling to know that next year we can do almost anything we want to and won't have any school to interfere. But when we come to think about it we would hate to leave old Tubman and how we would miss our old school-mates and the good times we used to have. I suppose, after all, the happiest days of our lives are when we are little Freshmen at Tubman.

CECILIA BAKER.







Sub-Freshman Class

COLORS: Blue and White

FLOWER: Blue and White Sweet Peas

MOTTO: Big Oaks From Little Acorns Grow.

CLASS OFFICERS.

DOROTHY PUND.....President

LUCILLE MEYER.....Vice-President

ELIZABETH KREPS.....Secretary



What's A Sub?



OW the Seniors say that nothing from nothing leaves a sub, but that's just where they are wrong. When we first came here they used to laugh and say, "Oh, look at the little Subbies, they always get lost between classes!" Of course, we didn't get lost, we were just looking around to see how we liked the school. Anybody could have seen that. Why I've even heard them say, "Tubman is just like a kindergarten now!"

And they groaned and fussed so you would think we were as bad as the measles. Of course, we do break out occasionally.

What's a Sub? Well, now, you just listen! When October marks came out didn't we have six "Subs" on the Honor Roll! What about that? Then we started playing basket-ball, and one day Miss Ruland put us up against the Juniors and the score stood 18-22 in favor of the Juniors. But just notice how near together those numbers come. And did you ever say "Sub" to a Sophomore? They begin to groan and turn red immediately; that's 'cause they are so tired being told the "Subs" are better than they are—Ha! They can laugh at us, but those same "Sophs" and Juniors better be careful, for we are Freshmen next year.

Oh, yes, what is a Sub? Why we have more members than any other class; we almost beat the Juniors in basket-ball; we have a class Glee Club, and the teachers all love us; in fact, we are the very center of things at Tubman.

RUTH HARDIN, '24.

Sing Sing College,
Empty Head Station, New York,
February 13, 1920.

Dear Miss Ruland:

Friday we motored down to Bateville and basket-balled all afternoon. Then we tead for an hour. After that we trained back to Sing Sing and bocked 'til dawn; then we went to sleep and Saturdayed that way.

Yesterday we trolleyed to town and picture-showed and soda-watered until dark. That night we conglomerated in Emma's room and pokered until morning.

To-day we horsed down to the pecan grove and nuttet all morning. This afternoon our bugology class locomoted up to Lunville Hill and insected for two hours.

We footed it back to school and dinnered until we had had enough; after which we pianoed until the door belled. We jazzed to our rooms and rocsted 'til the clock sevened.

Hoppable of an answer soon.

Your dutified ex-pupil,

IRENE.



AND THESE ARE TWO
OF THE FIVE HUNDRED
AND TWENTY REASONS
WHY A.R.C. THINKS
SO MUCH OF
TUBMAN

Tubman Perils

I.

Ancient Julius Caesar's come to our class to stay,
An' make us girls get busy and drive laziness away;
An' 'long with him came Cicero to try to make us flunk.
An' Latin sentences we write, our teacher thinks are punk.
An' you better learn your grammar an' put silly thoughts to rout,
Or the idioms 'll get you, if you

Don't
Watch
Out.

II.

Once there was a Junior, 'at didn't like to cook,
She took Domestic Science and she never owned a book.
And every time the teacher asked what carbohydrates do,
An' proteins, fats and minerals—alas! she never knew?
You better keep your note-book up and mind what you're about
Or the calories 'll get you, if you

Don't
Watch
Out.

III.

You've got to study diction an' learn to write the themes,
An' they must have coherence a la Addison's, it seems.
Be sure to learn le verbe francais if you would parlez-vous;
An' learn the propositions every day, old or new;
An' draw the circles carefully, with tangents all about
Or the problems sure will get you, if you

Don't
Watch
Out.

ATHLETICS



EDNA AGEE.



ATHLETIC COUNCIL.

HAZEL MERTINS, President.
 IRENE JACKSON, Vice-President.
 ANNIE B. DANIEL, Secretary.
 VIRGINIA SEVIER, Treasurer.

DOROTHY PUND, Sub-Freshman Representative.
 GERTRUDE COMEY, Faculty Representative.
 CATHERINE RULAND, Physical Director.
 EMMA PLUNKETT, Assistant Physical Director.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



THE Athletic Association, as its name implies, deals with all competitions in Athletics of the school. The Association has just come into existence this year, but, judging from its successful beginning, we are certain that it will continue to grow. The election of the officers of the Athletic Association takes place in January of each year. The president is chosen from the Senior Class; the vice-president from the Junior Class; secretary from the Sophomore Class, and the treasurer from the Freshman Class. One girl is also chosen as a representative of the Sub-Freshman Class.

The purpose of the Association is to raise the standard of the school, and also to promote greater team spirit. The former is accomplished by this ruling, that no one will be eligible to play on the school or class team, who fails to pass in any one subject at the mid-year examinations or in her daily recitations. The latter is accomplished by having four teams from each class in Hockey and Basket-ball. This gives all the girls a chance to make some team and to realize the meaning of team spirit.

The Athletic Council consists of all the officers of the Athletic Association; a member of the Faculty, the Physical Director with her assistant, and the Principal. This Council shall present all letters and numerals to those girls winning same and may withhold any letter or numeral which it deems the winner unworthy of wearing.

ANNIE MURRAY.





VARSDITY TEAM

FORWARDS

BOSTICK
MURRAY
SUB—McGOWAN

CENTERS

WALKER, L.
JACKSON
PUND
SUB—AGEE

GUARDS

CARD
WALL
SUB—PLATT



SECOND VARSITY TEAM

FORWARDS

DANIEL
McGOWAN

CENTERS

BISHOP (Captain)
BRANCH
WALKER, B.

GUARDS

HAMILTON
PLATT



SENIOR BASKET-BALL TEAM

FORWARDS

MURRAY (Captain)
MITCHELL, I.

CENTERS

BISHOP
MERTINS
PUND

GUARDS

CARD
MONTGOMERY



JUNIOR BASKET-BALL TEAM

FORWARDS

BOSTICK
McGOWAN

CENTERS

WALKER, L. (Captain)
WALKER, B.
PIERCE

GUARDS

PLATT
WALL



SOPHOMORE BASKET-BALL TEAM

FORWARDS

DANIEL
WALTON

CENTERS

SCOTT (Captain)
DYE
BRANCH

GUARDS

MOBLEY
WREN



FRESHMAN BASKET-BALL TEAM

FORWARDS

PLATT
SAXON

CENTERS

STOKES
COHEN
PLUNKETT

GUARDS

BAKER (Captain)
LESTER



SUB-FRESHMAN BASKET-BALL TEAM

FORWARDS

JACKSON (Captain)
SWINDELL

CENTERS

CROOK, D.
OLIVER
PERKINS

GUARDS

MEYER
MORRIS



SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

C. F., PUND
R. I., MURRAY (Captain)
L. I., ELLAS
R. O., WISE
L. O., MATTHEWS
C. H. B., HITT

R. H. B., SPETH
L. H. B., ROBINSON
R. F. B., BISHOP
L. F. B., CARD
G., HENRY



JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

C. F., JACKSON—WALKER, L.
 R. J., FARRELL (Captain)
 L. I., WATSON, P.
 R. O., WALKER, B.
 L. O., BOSTWICK, M.
 C. H. B., FERGUSON

R. H. B., WALL, M.
 L. H. B., KINARD, R.
 R. F. B., PLATT
 L. F. B., PIERCE
 G., HAMILTON



SOPHOMORE HOCKEY TEAM

C. F., WEATHERS
R. I., SHERMAN
L. I., BRANCH
R. O., WATSON, L.
L. O., HUDSON (Captain)
C. H. B., VAN PELT

R. H. B., DANIEL
L. H. B., McGOWAN
R. F. B., SCOTT
L. F. B., WREN
G., DOUGHTY



FRESHMAN HOCKEY TEAM

C. F., SEVIER
 R. I., PROBYN (Captain)
 L. I., HILTON
 R. O., HOLMAN
 I. O., NORRIS
 C. H. B., COHEN, M.

R. H. B., LESTER
 L. H. B., STOKES
 R. F. B., BENNETT
 L. F. B., STRAUSE
 C., ETHEREDGE



FOURTH-FRESHMAN HOCKEY TEAM

C. F., ROSENBLATT
 R. I., TOMMINS
 L. I., TALIAFERRO (Captain)
 R. O., LEARY
 L. O., THEILING
 C. H. B., BAKER

R. H. B., BURDELL
 L. H. B., INMAN
 R. F. B., LEHMAN
 L. F. B. PERKINS
 G. HILL, M.

SPORTS



HIS year has been an epoch of new events at Tubman. The most important of these is the fact that Mr. Garrett has finally allowed us to have inter-school basket-ball games. The first of these games was played with Waynesboro, and as we were inexperienced at the game we were S. G., as the saying is at Tubman. But in spite of the fact we were victorious in all the games.

In the game with Ashley Hall the teams were more evenly matched, and the game was very exciting from the first. We intend to play the return game with Ashley Hall at Charleston, the twenty-first of March.

We also have a game scheduled to play the Savannah High School some time in the near future. Every one is looking forward to this event with much enthusiasm.

The Inter-Class Hockey Tournament was won by the first Seniors over the Fourth Freshmen; the score was 6 to 0. The Seniors will receive letters and the Freshmen numerals.

Another interesting event to take place in the Spring is the Swimming Meet. Through the efforts of Mr. Garrett and Miss Ruland, we have secured the use of the Y. W. C. A. pool every Friday afternoon for two hours. Miss Ruland, who is in charge of the swimming classes, devotes the first hour to the beginners, and the second to the more experienced swimmers. The preliminary meet was held in February. This was to give us an idea of what the real meet will be like. There are to be contests for form swimming and some for speed swimming. Judging from the way the preliminary meet came out, there is going to be a great deal of competition in the final meet.

Basket-Ball Schedule, 1920.

- Tubman vs. Waynesboro at Tubman, 53 to 7.
- Tubman vs. Waynesboro at Waynesboro, 31 to 6.
- Tubman vs. Ashley Hall at Tubman, 16 to 17.



Hmedie Mohrmann



TUBMAN GLEE CLUB

MISS MARGARET BATTLE, Director

RUTH BISHOP
ANNA BRANCH
FRANCES BRAWNER
LOUISE DYE
LOUISE ELLAS
ELEANOR ELLIOTT
ISABELLE GARRETT
ETHEL HITT
ELEANOR LANHAM

RUTH LEWIS
VERA McGOWAN
HAZEL MERTINS
ANNIE MURRAY
ELSIE VAN PELT
RUTH PUND
BESSIE SAXON
LILLIAN SKINNER
MABEL CLAIRE SPETH

AUGUSTA VON SPRECKEN
MARIE SUMERAU
ESSIE TAMP
MAUD TAYLOR
KATHERINE TIMMERMAN
BELLE WALKER
MARTHA WALL
LORETTA WATSON



Miss Cherryblossom

Place—Tokyo, Japan

Time—Present

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Cherry Blossom.....	Isabelle Garrett
Kokemo.....	Emma Plunkett
John Henry Smith, "Jack".....	Ruth Pund
Henry Foster Jones, "Harry".....	Ruth Bishop
Horace Worthington.....	Augusta Von Sprecken
James Young.....	Annie Murray
Jessica Var Serpool.....	Louise Ellas
Togo.....	Mabel Claire Speth
Chorus, Geisha Girls.....	American Guests

Miss Evelyn Barnes, an American girl, born in Japan, and whose parents die of fever, is brought up as a Japanese maiden. Her father's secretary uses her property for his own ends. When Evelyn, known as Cherryblossom, is about eighteen, Worthington (the secretary) returns to Japan on his yacht with a party of American friends. One of them, John Smith, falls in love with Cherry and wishes to marry her, but Kokemo, who has brought her up as his own daughter, wishes her to marry Togo, a rich politician. The action of the piece centers around Jack's effort to outwit Togo and Kokemo. Eventually Cherry learns her true identity, comes into her own property, marries Jack, and all ends happily. The music is catchy, the hit of the play being the song "Cherryblossom."





SUB-FRESHMAN GLEE CLUB.

LOUISE BALK
 MARY L. BOISE
 DOROTHY CAMERON
 RUTH CARROLL
 KATE CRAWFORD
 DABNEY CROOKE
 RUTH HARDIN
 ELIZABETH HILL

MARY JACKSON
 ELIZABETH KREPS
 SARAH LEE
 M. LOCKHART
 DOROTHY MAUNEY
 NATALIE MERRY
 L. MEYER
 ELEANOR MORRIS
 ADDIE MUNDAY

ELIZABETH OLIVER
 ALICE PERKINS
 DOROTHY PUND
 ROSELLE ROSENTHAL
 DOROTHY TABB
 SADIE TUNKLE
 RUBY WHALEY
 ELIZABETH WILDER

The Wild Rose

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Alvine Grey.....	Dabney Crook
Rose McCloud.....	Lucille Meyer
Mary Forsythe.....	Elizabeth Hill
Mrs. Fussy.....	Dorothy Pund
Lady Grey.....	Louise Balk
Miss Write Up.....	Alice Perkins
Miss Putun Down.....	Margaret Lockhart
Dora.....	Alice Danforth
Flora.....	Natalie Merry
Molly.....	Eleanor Morris
Polly.....	Ruth Hardin
Miss Talkalot.....	
Mrs. Doingood.....	Elizabeth Kreps
Madame Sewseams.....	
Madame Feather Top.....	Mary Jackson
Madame Smellsweet.....	Addie Munday
Bobbie.....	Elizabeth Oliver
Maids.....	Twelve Girls

SCENES

Act I—A formal drawing room in Rose McCloud's city home.

Act II—A garden on Rose McCloud's country estate.

Time—The present. One month elapses between acts.

SYNOPSIS

Rose McCloud, the most popular young society belle of her time, is bored with her artificial existence. An endless round of festivities and a maddening procession of adoring debutantes, newspaper interviewers, charity and reform leaders seeking her financial support, dress makers, milliners, etc., drive her to distraction. There was but one relief in Rose's life, and that was when in the company of Alvine Grey, a charming young society idler, but somewhat different from the other men she had met. But now he was going away forever—and live out of her sight. Having achieved great success in society theatricals, Rose decides to go on the stage, and is desirous of obtaining the leading role in a play by Lady Grey, an eccentric woman playwright. Much to her amazement and disappointment, Lady Grey flatly refuses to consider her for the part, and will not even grant her an interview. In utter disgust she decides to go to the country as just a plain rustic girl.

The second part takes place at Rose's country estate, where she is thoroughly enjoying the simple life of a country girl. One day she makes friends with a nice old country lady who lives next door, who after a time turns out to be Lady Grey. She informs Rose that her son is returning home for a visit the following day, and she is very anxious for Rose to meet him. On the following day Lady Grey comes over with her son who turns out to be Alvine. When Lady Grey discovers the true identity of Rose, she promises her the desired role in the play; also Rose promises Alvine something, and all ends happily.

Jam Tarts

"Mister Tom, sir——"

The voice came from a short, fat, little woman standing at the threshold. Her substantial figure was silhouetted by the bright light in the hall behind her as she stood facing the dim library whose only light came from the glowing logs in the big fireplace.

The reply came, veiled in smoke, from the depths of a huge arm-chair. "Yes, Katie—you're going tonight, then, are you? I don't know what will become of me without you; I'll never be able to find anything. Why must you desert me after all these years?"

"Now, Mister Tom, sir, sure you're not begrudging me the fine husband I'm getting, aye ye, sir? I'm that sorry to be leaving you this sudden-like, but it's like jam tarts, sir, this marrying. The time to take husbands is when they're going past."

"Well, well, Katie, that's not bad at all—I rather think you're right about that. Here I am a poor old man used to having his nice fire made, his slippers toasting before it, everything done for him. Oh, you've petted me, Katie; why you've made me wear over-shoes until now I'm miserable whenever there is a heavy dew if I'm not gum-booted."

"And it's worrying I'll be about me poor Mister Tom. But ye're not old, sir. Lissen to the man—old! and you not thirty-six, sir! I'd be aisy in me mind if I could be knowing some nice, pretty young lady was coming to be your wife."

"There again, Katie, we have your theory of 'jam tarts.'"

"I'll be going now, sir. 'Twill be that odd not to be doing for ye every day now. You've been a foine, good master to me. Good-bye, Mister Tom, dearie, ye'll take care of yourself, sir, for old Katie's sake, won't ye, sir?"

"You've been too good to me, Katie, and I wish you every happiness in your marriage. Come back some time to see me, will you?"

"And that I will, sir, and be glad to. Good-bye and God bless you, sir."

They were standing before the fire. It was only after she turned her back that she cautiously wiped away a tear; and it was only after her back was turned that a sort of helpless look came into his eyes. At the door she looked back.

"Mister Tom, sir——"

"Yes, Katie?"

"Ye—ye'll be rememberin' your rubber shoes in the morning, sir, and, indeed, all the time. It's raining now. Good-bye, sir."

"Good-bye."

So old Katie was to be married—and for a second time. Humph, she must have liked it. Bum business, though, for a man—always dangerous. Funny things, women! These were the thoughts that passed through his mind as he sank deeper into his chair by the fire.

Strange he hadn't married, anyway. He pursued the same line of thought, old cynic that he was. Here he was tied down in London by business—his mother up in the north at Bayberry Bend for his father's health. They stayed there and he stayed here, alone. Now if he had asked Ruth at one time she might have had him, but, worse luck, he hadn't wanted to ask her; quite nice girl, though, very. And Maizie, why she almost chased him (conceited dog that he was), but she did! Fine girl but for that! Somehow he vaguely reminded himself of the "Bachelor" in "Reveries of a Bachelor."

Then there was Peggy. Ah! Peggy, who lived just across the way. Why hadn't he played up to her more? It was seven years ago when he rode horseback so much and she golfed. She wouldn't ride—wouldn't try, even (pure meanness, he had thought). A mere incident now, but then how they had quarreled over it. He wouldn't golf if she wouldn't ride, and she, just as firm. But even when he knew her best he hadn't dared to speak of love—and weddings. Somehow she awed, yet fascinated him. Still she was rather mean about the riding—quite mean, in fact. Yet, why should he care now? Lord! the last time he'd ridden had been ages ago, and now he had no time. Young people think of these little insignificant things that aren't character, that are only on the surface—"sijeunesse savait"—she no longer played golf much; but no matter—he wondered—he was more tolerant now. Maybe she, too—ridiculous, why a man from Hampshire was most attentive now, a frequent visitor. She didn't seem dreadfully interested, but one couldn't tell—what if——!

He jumped up. In the hall he found his hat, and as he opened the door a cool rain confronted him. His overshoes—where in the devil had Katie put them?

"Oh! botheration; no need for overshoes to run across the street."

JUDITH FARRELL, '21.





To Our Flunkers

Here's to all the "Flunkers" who took the test, but failed!
It was your lot, your fate was "sot,"
Your happiness was quailed!

The teacher's teachings resulted not—less pity did they give—
The things they said went thru your head
Like water thru a sieve!

Miss Ruland "sat" upon you hard, and calmly up and said,
"If I had known your brains were gone
You'd have stayed at home instead."

Ah, hapless, happenings happen often as in this case, we find
That what we knew, just got the "flu"
And made us fall behind!

But here's to all you "Flunkers"—just show those teachers "red"—!
And make them say, "You've won the day"—but
"'Tis **better** done than **said**."

M. B. DOUGHTY.







Nevertheless

A Musical Comedy in Two Acts.

TIME—Present.

PLACE—Merryport Hotel, New Jersey.

ACT I—Scene 1—Before Noon. Scene 2—Afternoon.

ACT II—That Evening.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. Wm. Henry Smith-Morton.....	Ruth Pund
Mr. Wm. Henry Smith-Morton.....	Bessie White
Mary Margaret Smith-Morton.....	Louise Ellas
James Randolph Smith-Morton.....	Mary Essie Morgan
Rita Ponselle, of the Winter Garden.....	Rhea Shapiro
Wilmonice Astoria Scruggs, heiress.....	Ruth Nowell
Dick Palmer, secretly engaged to Mary Margaret.....	Ruth Bishop
The Widow Palmer, Aunt to Dick.....	Annette Patch
Lord Witless.....	Rebecca Printup
The Vampire.....	Elizabeth Greneker
Fond Mama and Children.....	H. LeSeur, L. Barnes, L. Cheval
Darktown Couple.....	Mabel Claire Speth, Augusta von Sprecken
Hotel Clerks.....	Edna Ingram, Mattie Lee Toomer
Bell-Hops.....	Dorothy Levy, Emma Plunkett
Maids.....	
Misses Anderson, Brill, Hargrove, Mertins, Mitchell, Sims, Walters, Whitlock	
Winter Garden Ballet.....	Misses Burum, Garrett, Watkins, Wright
Pianist.....	Deryl Hilton
Extras.....	Marion Haynie, Etc.

Deryl suggested the name, but who wrote it? Don't all speak at once. (Although to tell the truth, that is the way it was "written.") The newspapers gave Miss Ruland the credit, and I'm sure none of us begrudge her that much praise.

Could anyone ever forget Mabel Claire, hauling furniture in the Red Cross truck with the leaking top? If you have ever taken a ride in that truck, you will probably wonder if the furniture was recognizable by the time it reached its destination.

The first act introduces to us all the main characters, and we discover that the newly-rich Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Henry Smith-Morton have very am-

bitious plans for their son and daughter, namely, that they wish to add another fortune to the family in the form of Miss Wilmonice Astoria Scruggs, and a title in the form of Lord Witless. But (if you didn't forget to come back after the intermission) you found that both son and daughter had plans of their own, and very different they were! Bessie was excellent as a hen-pecked husband and Ruthie certainly did "lord it over him." And what attractive young girl could help falling in love with a man with a voice like Ruth's? Miss Scruggs and "Lord Witless" were both screamingly funny, and, in fact, there is more than a word of praise for each and every one of the main characters.

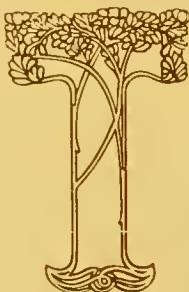
In the second act there was a Red Cross "benefit." During this act a great excitement was caused behind the scenes when the Winter Garden Ballet tried to change from a Turkish to a Spanish costume while James Randolph Smith-Morton lit a cigarette! Edna Ingram and "Tuna" walked Egypt to the delight of the audience. Lulie and Lillian's song insured the fame of both of them. The real hit of the show was the song and dance of the two bell-hops. The audience called for several encores and, long before they were satisfied, Emma and Dorothy had collapsed behind the scenes.

The true climax came—not when the heroine was about to rush into the arms of the hero—but when Isabelle, in a pair of none too loose trousers, slipped and fell on the borrowed carpet. The audience waited in breathless suspense, but in a few minutes she got up, much to our relief, quite whole, in all respects.

The greatest reward for our long and tiresome hours of practicing was—not the amount of money we took in, although that did help, but the following extract from a press notice:

"'Nevertheless,' a musical comedy in two acts, was rendered in the most brilliant manner by a cast that was so fine that the remark was made by some of the audience that few two-dollar shows that come to Augusta could equal this play as it was given by Tubman girls."

MARGARET MONTGOMERY.



The Following of the Faculty

On October 15th, the Faculty of the T. H. S. was "Taken Off" at Tubman by the Seniors. The caricatureation was fine, the girl who resembled a certain teacher the most, being taken for that teacher. The regular routine of a Tubman day was carried out. There was an assembly, a Faculty meeting, and a few of the regular classes.

At assembly, "Mr. Garrett," in the person of Ruth Bishop, made the usual remarks; that the Freshmen were doing too many stunts on the trapezes in the "gym"; that the driveway in front of Tubman was not a race-course, and, therefore, the "specials" were not goals; and that the lunch room was operating on cost basis.

Bessie White, as "Mr. Hickman," appeared in chapel, told a love story and recited a poem and received much applause.

Ruth Pund, as "Miss Flisch," made two or three library announcements, and "Miss Dora," Augusta von Sprecken, made some "schedule" announcements, ending them with a list of irregular girls whom she wished to meet immediately. Just as every one had started out and the pianist was playing the march, "Miss Page," Isabelle Garrett, stood up and made a hurried announcement that the Junior French books had come and she wanted them to have them for the next class.

Next a Faculty meeting, to which the teachers came in their characteristic manners. A few of the most studious and conscientious girls were discussed as doing the most impossible and unheard of things, for them, as: playing cards and drinking in the locker room, using a "pony" for their Latin; and being on the "ragged edge" in French. Then the tardy question was discussed. A study hall was suggested by Mabel Claire Speth, as "Miss Ruland," and seconded by Bessie Sandler, as "Miss Comey." To this suggestion, Miss Flisch answered, "I abominate study halls, and when my time comes to hold one, I'll be sick at 2:10 and be carried to the hospital, if necessary."

Then the classes were gone through with. In Miss Dora's there was practically no lesson. She told her pupils, after sneezing, the story of how she and a young man had gone "autoing" this past summer in the mountains, and the young man had had hay fever. She knew she had caught it because every time she was around chalk, she began to sneeze. At first she left the room to attend to some schedules, and told the class that they could recite softly, "Roman Virgil." Of course, it was repeated in a stage whisper. Then one girl turned over in her desk, breaking it. Miss Dora came in at

this point and told the girl to get "Mose." Marie Sumerau, as "Mose," entered with a monkey wrench in hand. She was very much like the real Mose with blue overalls on.

In Dorothy Brill or Miss Wood's class the ink-wells had to be filled, and Thelma Prescott, as "Mattie," came in to fill them.

Miss Flisch held a "current event" class and was interrupted by Edna Ingram, as "Miss Gibbs." She dismissed her as rapidly as possible.

Clarice Wise, as "Mr. Stemple," tiptoed around the room and used very short chalk. He told about copper and nascent oxygen, illustrating this by the story of Lydia and Pauline.

Olga Hargrove, as "Miss Hamilton," had a very interesting class in arithmetic. She tried to distinguish between arithmetic cones and ice cream cones. She couldn't work an example because a Sub-Fresh had borrowed her book which had answers in it.

Annie Lee Cannon, as "Miss Mattox," had a shorthand class. She dictated a good many words in shorthand, such as "tenytime," "andam," "alwiz," "always avoid man," "always avoid man with typewriter," "always avoid a man with typewriter without value."

"Miss Page" had her French class, at which time she wrote in her characteristic way on the blackboard and "jabbered" out French rules, yards in length.

In Louise Ellas or "Miss Holley's" geometry class a very brilliant remark was made: That a moving point generated heat. Also the lesson for the next day was assigned after the second bell had rung.



JOKES



THS.

H. SCOTT.

JOKES

Teacher, in History: "Who was Patrick Henry?"

Pupil: "Patrick Henry was a man. He married a Miss Shelton, and he said, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'"

Margaret: "I wouldn't teach Science for \$50."

Miss West: "I wouldn't, either."

Mr. Garrett, answering the phone: "No, Madam, we haven't any brains. This is Tubman High School."

Lady, on other end of the line: "Oh! I thought I had the meat market."

Miss Hamilton to Mrs. Hurst: "I opened my desk drawer with your key and let Miss Winn in."

Obedience Personified.

Teacher: "Helen, won't you join the Honor League?"

Helen: "I'll have to ask Mama."

"Stempie" says: "Fish can't weigh water, but still they have scales."

"Why is a Tubman girl, eating in the hall, like a fish?"

"Because every time she bites she's caught!"

Miss Comey startled her English Class with the surprising remark: "Though he slay me yet will I live!"

Mr. Stemple: "Now, Miss Sandler, can you tell us what space is?"

Bessie: "I've got it in my head, but I can't say it."

Miss Wilson was writing away with indescribable haste. From the pupils before her could be heard inaudible whispers and snickers. Finally in desperation she cried out: "Hash!!!"

Mabel: "Say, Elsie, there was a fight down in the lunch room the other day."

Elsie: "Why, who was it?"

Mabel: "Just a stale roll got fresh and knocked down the whole lunch."

Miss Flisch: "What form of literature existed during the period we are now studying?"

Ethel: "Poetry."

Miss Flisch: "What kind of poetry?"

Ethel: "Prose."

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—

Miss Mattox turned her feet in.
Mr. Garrett left his spotted tie and handkerchief at home.
Mary McElmurray got to school on time.
Miss Winn removed the news bulletin from the outside of her door.
Miss Flisch failed to sit on some one.
Aimee stopped dancing.
The milkman failed to bring Miss Page's milk.
Mr. Stemple could find a piece of dustless chalk.
Mr. Garrett lost "young ladies" from his vocabulary.
Miss Gay acted the part.
Miss Whitaker moved her upper lip.
Miss Hilton was seen without a male escort.
Frances Parker ever stopped to a class meeting.
Mabel Claire didn't have charge of the finances.
Someone else got Isabelle Garrett's seat in chapel.
Frances Tennent didn't faint.
Augusta von Sprecken lost the safety pin out the back of her skirt.
We marched to the lunch room.
Miss Ruland washed her sweater.
Miss Comey didn't wear her red dress.
Marie Sumerau stopped going to the dentist.
The Biology Class had one whole eraser.
Frances Tucker didn't write on both sides of the paper.
Miss Mattox lost the key to the typewriting room.
Annie Murray stopped wearing middies.
Senior A and B loved each other.

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Miss Hamilton without her brown sweater.
Miss Margie losing her temper.
"Cuse" Nowell keeping the same course.
Miss Skinner with straight hair.





ODDS AND ENDS

HELEN GIBBS
LEAH WHITE

NORINE WOOTEN
BEULAH ELLIOTT

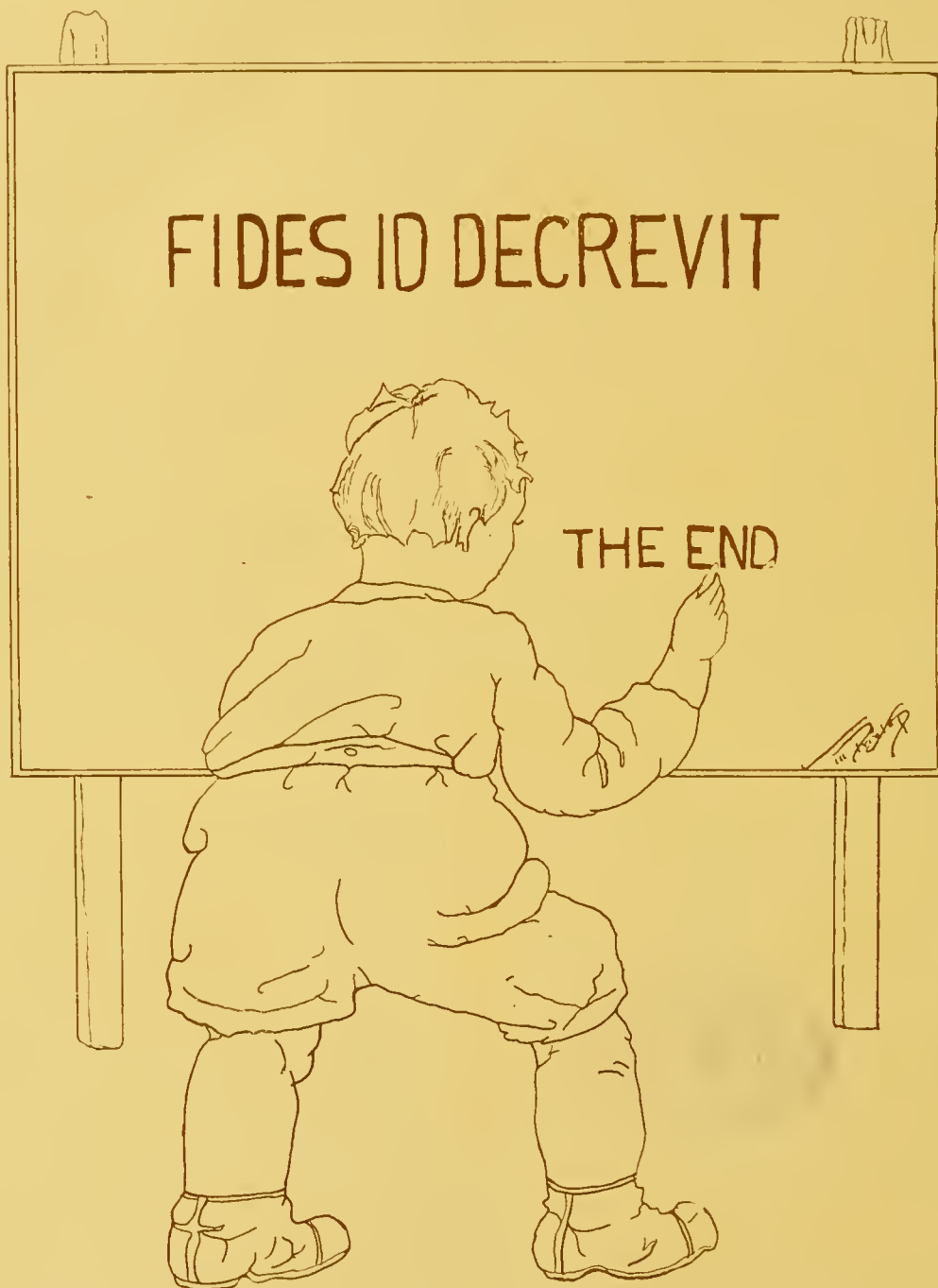


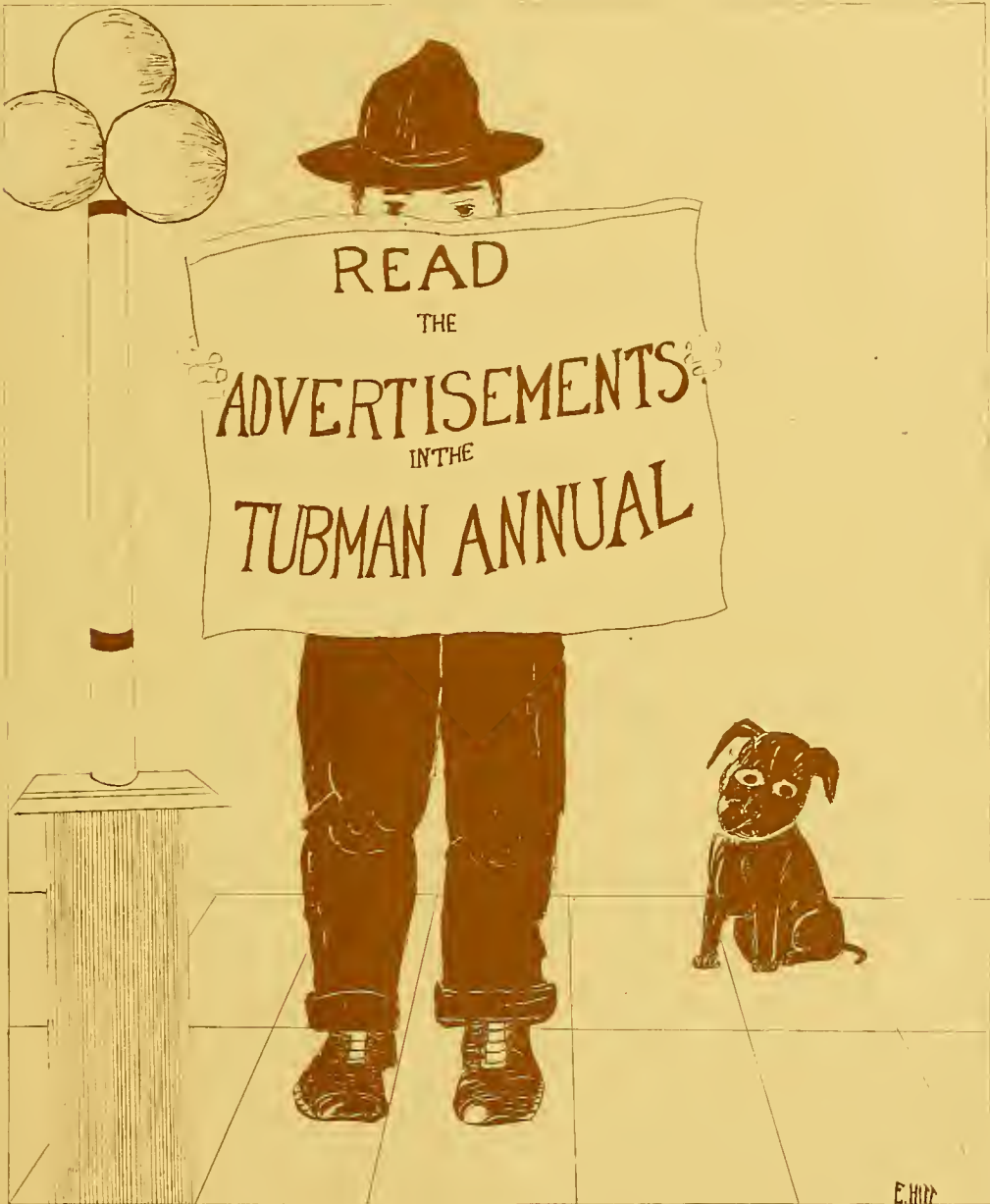


Calendar

- September 15—Opening of School.
Septem'r 15-17—Classification of Students.
September 20—Miss Page Makes French Announcements.
September 23—Miss Hoover Visits Tubman.
October 1—Arrival of Miss Hamilton as New Math. Teacher.
October 15—Faculty Take Off by Seniors.
October 20—Mr. Garrett Makes Announcement on Subject About Which He Has Been Thinking Deeply.
October 22—Sub-Freshmen Come into Prominence (Glee Club Leads in Music.)
November 8—Senior Picnic at 7 A. M.
December 5—Weeping Day for Senior Class (Reports Given Out).
December 12—Miss Flisch Lectures Seniors on Love.
December 13—Election of Senior Class Officers.
December 17—Mr. Hickman's Christmas Present (Concert).
January 8—College Club Entertains Seniors.
January 15—Talks by Students on Honor and Truth.
January 16—Election of Staff Officers.
January 17—See October 20th.
January 27—Shorthand Lecture on Geography.
Jan. 28-Feb. 4—Mid-Year Examinations.
February 5—Exams. Over and Everybody Relieved.
February 10—Election of Athletic Officers.
February 12—Waynesboro vs. Tubman (Tubman Victory 60-4).
February 12—See January 17th.
February 13—Senior Luncheon.
February 13—Sub-Freshman, Freshman, and Sophomore Elect Class Officers.
February 16—Pictures Taken for Annual.
February 17—"Just Plain Judy."
February 17—Austin Takes Music Lesson at 2:30 P. M.
February 18—Chaos in Office—Miss Gibbs Was Detained at Home.
February 19—Mr. Garrett Lost Between First and Third Floors. Finder Please Send Him to Office.
February 16-20—Miss Haines Sick and Miss Comey in Charge of Study Hall Schedule. Great Excitement!
February 23—Fun in the Halls (?) Discovery of Miss Winn's Bulletin Board.

March 4—Tubman vs. Waynesboro (Tubman Victory 31-6).
 March 5—Organization of Dramatic Club.
 March 12-13—Concerts by New York Chamber Music Society.
 March 13—Ashley Hall vs. Tubman. (Ashley Hall Victory 17-16.)
 March 15—"The Wild Rose" (Sub-Freshman Glee Club).
 March 16—Special Faculty Meeting. Katherine Twiggs Gets to School on Time.
 March 21—Tubman vs. Ashley Hall.
 April 15-16-17—"Miss Cherry Blossom" (Tubman Glee Club).
 April 24—Savannah vs. Tubman.
 May 12—Shakespearean Pageant (Dramatic Society).
 May 20—Junior Play (Comedy).
 May 24—University of Georgia Glee Club.
 June —**SENIOR WEEK.**





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Snowdrift does not get too hard nor too soft no matter what the weather. It is always just the right creamy consistency that is easiest to use.

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Snowdrift is sweet—as you use the word to describe sweet cream. After you open the can, Snowdrift “keeps” well. The advantage is that in its airtight can, Snowdrift is fresh when you start to use it in your own kitchen, not already stale when you get it.

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OF A
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STATEMENT
Of The
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AUGUSTA, GEORGIA

At Close of Business March 10, 1920

Condensed from Report to State Bank Examiner

RESOURCES

Loans and Investments..	\$2,768,549.20
Cash and Sight Exchange	390,500.92
Banking House and	
Other Real Estate.....	104,595.76
	<hr/>
	\$3,263,645.88
	<hr/>

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 200,000.00
Surplus and Net Profits..	318,735.08
Deposits and Due Banks	2,744,910.80
	<hr/>
	\$3,263,645.88
	<hr/>

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